

THE SCOURGE.

AUGUST 1, 1811.

AN EXTRAORDINARY VISION.

SIR,

As I was passing a few days ago by that sacred edifice, which Mr. Carpenter and his followers have chosen to entitle the *House of God*, curiosity induced me to enter. Of Mr. C.'s merits as a preacher, I may perhaps send you an estimate at a future opportunity. On this occasion my attention was too forcibly attracted by the sketches on the walls of this venerable building, to permit me to attend to the words of the preacher. Females and asses, Jews and devils, were depicted in uncouth variety. —The angel Gabriel is riding on a camel, and Joshua extinguishing the sun with a *pot de chambre*. As I knew that this building had formerly been a *paper manufactory*, I could not help musing, as I returned home, on the mutations to which all sublunary things are liable; and the ideas thus excited, combining with the impression that the herald painter's sketches had made upon my fancy, I had scarcely reclined my wearied limbs upon the sofa, before slumber overcame my faculties, and I beheld a vision which may bid defiance, in originality, at least, to any of those depicted in the *house of God*.

The first object that struck my view was a jolly, healthy looking fellow, whom I knew to be my old acquaintance JOHN BULL, struggling with a tall, thin, philosopher-like being, who was endeavouring with all his might to force down Mr. Bull's throat a large roll of paper, inscribed *Stanhope's Bill*. Whether from the fear of what

was about to be done, and from the operation of what had been already administered, I know not which—the unfortunate patient seemed to be evacuating his very vitals. A little sharp-faced man in a robe of office, who did not seem to *perceive-all* the mischief of his practice, held between the finger and thumb of one hand a bolus, while with the other he was assisting the operation of about a dozen leeches, that were sucking the blood of his patient with amazing greediness. They did not appear however to be a *whit-more* satiated at the end of the exhibition than at its commencement. As *my vision* was not less crowded with wonders than the trances of Robert Preston, you must not be incredulous if I assure you that beneath John's chair I beheld the EMPEROR OF FRANCE! endeavouring to draw away the pan, which to my utter astonishment was filled with guineas! I have read, indeed, in my boyish days the history of the Fair Periwitta who cacked diamonds, and piddled otto of roses; but until the slumber of last night, I had foolishly supposed that she was merely an imaginary being. Behind the chair stood a personage, who from his appearance might have been mistaken for the *King* of philosophers. He was endeavouring to prevent the Earl of Spareribs from accomplishing his purpose; but his efforts did not seem likely to be crowned with success.

If, Sir, you had seen the anguish of the patient, the eagerness of the operators, and the formidable array of pills, boluses, plaisters, and other instruments of destruction, strewed in disorder behind the little gentleman, whom I could not help suspecting of dabbling a little in the trade of quackery, you would have been equally *horrified* and astonished.

On the right of this group, and a little in the back ground, I beheld a still more afflicting spectacle. A creditable looking personage was just expiring beneath a load of paper, that seemed from its magnitude to have been collected by the hand of time. My compassion was in some degree diminished, however, when I found reason to conclude, from the position of the unhappy victim, that he had

drawn the burden on himself. Beside him stood a venerable matron, habited in the usual costume of Britannia; she seemed to be deeply interested in his fate; and to be as much distressed by the misfortune of her son, or favorite, whichever he might be, as John Bull was afflicted by his own peculiar miseries.

But the most strange and striking part of the vision remains to be described. Towards the left-hand corner, were two persons struggling in *hot water*. The vessel in which they were immersed was heated by a fire of old bills, on which I could distinctly observe the names of O'Sullivan * * * * and * * * * ; a familiar of Beelzebub was very busy with his bellows, and a dignitary of the LAW was adding to the heat of the flame, by *stirring* the papers, and afterwards raking them together. It was said of Virgil, that he tossed about his dung with an air of majesty; and it might have been asserted with equal truth of Lord E. that he performed this useful office with all the dignity of his station. The familiar occasionally gave the stoutest of the parboiled gentlemen a few FILLUPS on the ear; to remind him, I suppose, of his services; while his unhappy companion set up a howl so long and hideous that I awoke in a state of indescribable perturbation.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

London, July 22d, 1811.

A VISIONARY.

LETTER FROM A CELEBRATED WHIP,

TO AN

Unfortunate Tradesman, with whose Wife he lately eloped.

SIR,

I HAVE been told that you have the strange impudence of complaining respecting the dear little bit of loveliness that I thought proper to take out of your way—seeing that you have just as much notion of beauty and taste, and sentiment, and all that, as a goose's ear. But I'd have you to know, old wise one, that there's some difference between a gentleman and a lord, and a fellow who counts

his farthings behind a counter, and then sneaks home to scold his wife, which she tells me is all true. No! no! don't suppose I'm such an ignoramus as to be made a flat of by such a round tub as you are. Your wife's a true bit of blood; it would have been a mortal shame if she'd been left to snore away all the winter with such a fellow as you—it was charity to take her away: as I'll prove in any court of justice. For doesn't the law know what's right, and an't I acquainted with Dick Austin, who studies mortal hard in the Temple. Yes, to be sure I am. And so you may do just as you please. I should like to know what a tradesman does with a wife. Hasn't he enough to do all day to mind his business? and an't he so tired at night that he can't speak to her? why to be sure he is. And besides, you may be very glad, thinking that she's run off with a lord and a gentleman, instead of being cuckolded by some measurer of tape, or some Crispin or other. So I would advise you to make yourself easy, and be comfortable, and I will allow you a guinea a week as long as she lives with me. As for what they talk about honor, and the Lord knows what, why Lord it's all stuff. I should like to know whether running away with your wife has given you the rheumatism, or the * * * *. I'll bet my pocket to your *bussymy*cu, that it hasn't made a pin difference, only just the imagination, which is all one the same thing, knowing all about what megrims and mulligrubs run into a man's head sometimes when he is a little queerish. Why there's one Shakespeare, the immortal Shakespeare, who died about twenty years past, why he tells us as how that honor won't cure a broken leg, nor heal up a ———, nor cure a man of the belly-ache, neither cure the glanders in my horse Tallyho:—which signifies, I take it, that there would be no use of fretting about it, which is all one, as if you were to cry tantararara till your throat's as dry as the deserts of Egypt, which I suppose you wouldn't like any more than me. So you see I shouldn't have wrote such a long letter to such a fellow as you, only seeing your wife said it would be as well to coax you a little, which every one

knows I'm able to do in high style, seeing how I used to plague poor Dick Thomas, when he and I used to run up and down Harrow Hill like two lions. So you may go to the devil if you like, only I would have you be friends with me, as you may depend upon it you'll get nothing by persecuting me; and after all, you don't suppose a jury will give such a contemptible low-lived fellow as you any thing for running away with his wife. Besides, we all know that matrimony is a bore; and if I was in your place, I should be devilish glad, let me tell you, of getting rid of her. Why, it can't be, but a man must be tired of sleeping by the same piece of flesh for a year together. Is'nt variety sweet? and doesn't every body now-a-days like his wife much better after she's run away? Why there's B——, han't he been fonder of Miss Maria since she married another, than ever he was when he kept her to himself. Why I know by my horses, for I always wish for them back again after they've been sent to Steele's. But the best of it is, you know I'm a lord, and you might think, if you had any sense, that you were not quite so badly off as your neighbours, whose wives run away with drummers and coachmen, and so forth. So you had best be quiet, and then perhaps you may behave like a man of sense, which we ought all of us to do, seeing what fools people are, and how wicked every body is now-a-days. May be, you may wonder at so young a man as me thinking so wisely, but I'm a chip of the old block; and when I was confined of that d——d fall, I took to thinking, and virtue, and morality, and all those sort of things, for I thought I might perhaps kick the bucket, and you know it would be devilish awkward to go into the other world a swearing, or without leaving off all one's bad tricks, such as girls and wine, and so on, which all lead to depravity, and are very hurtful. But now, thank my stars! I'm as well as ever I was in my life, and the devil may go to hell. Only I advise you to be easy. Leave your wife alone to me, and don't trouble yourself with what don't concern you. But it's all one; your'e a dirty b——d, and so you may do as you like.

H.

LETTER IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

YOUR wicked letter arrived just as I was reading those *sweet words* in Habbakkuk, chap. 49, ver. 81. You are a minister of good tidings unto me, even as the hatred of the carnal-minded is profitable to the faithful soul. Oh ! how I weep for thy sinfulness ! but as for Rachael, she is a faithful scion of godliness, not to be defiled. Unto the pure all things are pure ; and though thou may'st defile her body, she hath that within which passeth show. You may put your trust in horses, and forsake yourself, and act uncleanly ; but the sweet wrestlings of love you never knew. On your horses heads shall rain fire and brimstone, even till they have the grease or the glanders. The scourge of Satan shall chastise the Whips, and the Four-in-hand shall shortly be in the hands of Belzebub. I should like to know, whether you would like to be driven in H——, as ye drive your horses in this world. How would you like to be broiled like a steak—even a beef-steak, on the gridiron of Satan ? Though ye may be able to leap the devil's ditch, there is no leaping over the gates of the infernal regions. But I should wish to know whether you intend to live a new life, and send Molly back, or pay me the wages of righteousness, seeing that I have not gone about to do evil with you, or to hold you up to the scorn of the carnal-minded. As Abraham did so I have done ; but wickedness travelleth the earth, and unless I receive a one pound note by return of post, my wrath shall be kindled against you. My bowels yearn unto her, but the flesh is weak. Temptation unto the strong and not unto the feeble. Therefore if she feeleth the glad tidings of a good assurance, and chuses to remain with you, rather than return to bickerings, and the habitation of sin, pay me down £20, and she shall remain with you, till her frail beauty perisheth.

LETTER FROM Mrs. L.

Oh my dear husband! I know you'll forgive me for running off with such a dear, sweet, obliging man as Lord * * * *. He tells me that he respects you very much, and will do any thing to oblige you. So don't stand shilly shally, but make hay while the sun shines. He's so fond of me! you can't think—treats me with a glass of gin at every house he comes to, and is so humble and so friendly to the grooms and the ostlers, and does so chat with them, you would hardly believe it. And as I came through Barnet, lack-a-day! who should I see but Mrs. Plumb, the grocer's wife, with the young Mr. Prescott that lodged there, and my lord told me he was one of the Four-in-hand as well as himself—but it is all a mum thing, for her husband is at Margate. So you see you are not the only one, lovey, that such things have happened to; and I would have you make yourself easy, for you may be sure he'll do something neat for you; such as an exciseman's place or so, which would just suit you; and as for me he promises that I shall have a first floor taken all for myself in Suffolk-street; and then you know you can come and see me all one as if you were a stranger; seeing that in gratitude you should not think to interfere. If I had run off with a pah pah tradesman, why then truly you might have had something to say; but it is not every body's wife, let me tell you, that a lord would speak to, and give presents to, and make a man of her husband. But as the saying is, Jackey L. was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He has bought me a fine pair of green shoes, and a new breast pin with a red pearl head, and a pretty snuff-box with a Cupid in the inside all as naked as the born day. Oh he's a charining man! but I hear him coming, and as I'm all in a fagary at my *toy-lid*, so no more at present

From your loving wife till death,

PHOEBA L.

P. S. I'll have no more of your *methidisticals*; that I won't.

THE PULPIT. No. III.

MR. ———, AND THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THAT the execrable mummeries which are weekly exhibited at the sanctuary of prostitution on which the above title is inscribed, should not have attracted the notice of the Magistrates of Southwark ; and that the director of these scenes should have hitherto escaped the punishment of blasphemy, can only be accounted for by supposing that every species of fraud and profligacy may be practised with impunity under the pretext of religion. If to obtain money on false pretences be as unlawful in a chapel as a counting-house, Mr. ——— should be compelled to forsake the pulpit for the pillory : if the statute by which all persons pretending to see visions, or to the possession of the gift of prophecy, are declared to be rogues and vagabonds remains in force, the magistrates may sentence him to do penance in Bridewell ; and unless it be admitted that any individual has a right to shock the feelings of every religious passenger, and proclaim his blasphemies in open day, and in the face of multitudes, he is liable to be indicted for the infamous inscription by which he has chosen to designate the *show-room* of his impieties.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice are not unwilling to boast of their activity in the discovery and indictment of the exhibitions of the Drury-lane artists ; but the effect of an obscene gallery of pictures is confined and innocent, when compared with that of the public exhibitions at the House of God. To the orgies of this place, the young the innocent, the stripling and the virgin are indiscriminately admitted ; they witness scenes that might shock the feelings of the atheist, and raise a blush on the cheek of prostitution. In these meetings lust contends with blasphemy, and the madness of sensual brutality is combined with the frenzy of fanaticism.

The origin of this person is so obscure that all endeavours to trace it have been fruitless. Like many other teachers of fanaticism, he declares himself to be more indebted to grace than to education. He expounds the scriptures without the aid of carnal knowledge, and understands the language of heaven, though he is unacquainted with the A. B. C. At the age of twenty we find him acting in the capacity of a journeyman paper-maker; but he was more remarkable for drunkenness than industry, and having been dismissed from employment without a character, he found it convenient to wander about the country as a seller of brooms. How long his peregrinations might continue, we have not been able to ascertain; but it is certain that his return to London was accomplished with the assistance of a female whom he had seduced from her husband and her family, and who for some time supported him with the produce of the watches and other trinkets of which she had rifled her habitation.

An ungovernable propensity to sensual intercourse is the uniform characteristic of fanaticism. Of all animals a confirmed methodist is the most salacious; his devotional strains are a medley of nonsense and lasciviousness; the inward feeling, of which he commonly boasts, is nothing more than the fervor of habitual lust; and the testimony of every writer who has had access to their love feasts, demonstrates that these institutions are much more favourable to the growth and expansion of sensual desire than of religious ardor. As Mr. — outdoes the methodists in the profligacy of his exhibitions, he was destined to equal the most celebrated of their teachers in the progress of his education. Adultery was a preliminary vice of which the commission could not be dispensed with, and it was equally natural that he should leave the victim of his wickedness to shame and infamy as soon as his passions were gratified, and her means of administering to his pecuniary necessities were exhausted.

Ragged and pennyless, this future favorite of Hea-

ven was now compelled to herd with the vagrants of Dyot-street, and to have recourse to modes of support more dangerous than productive. In this situation he excited the compassion of the individual under whom he had served his apprenticeship: to his benevolence he was indebted for an introduction to one of the proprietors of a paper-mill that had just been established on the scite of his present chapel, who engaged him as superintendent of the manufactory, and gave him as an encouragement to exertion a trifling share in the concern. He had scarcely obtained this situation, before he kindly undertook the tuition of the children employed in the manufactory: a regular night-school was accordingly established; and such was the amazing benevolence of Mr. ———, that he steadily refused any other remuneration for his trouble than his profits on the books and stationary.

It was observed, however, that the progress of his female pupils in carnal knowledge, was much more rapid than that of the boys. Some of the parents of these children asserted, that the improvement of their daughters was not only perfectly unexpected, but much greater than they could have possibly desired; and this paragon of pedagogues found it necessary in order to repress the clamours of these unreasonable women, to announce his intention of concluding his evening labours by a lecture on spiritual subjects. Now to the majority of the persons interested, this was a decisive proof of our hero's fitness for the office of a schoolmaster: for a preacher of religion to be otherwise than a man of virtue, is well known to be impossible; those who had been the most eager to complain of his novel method of tuition were the most frequent attendants at his lectures, and more than one, even of the venerable matrons themselves, are reported to have tasted the *honey of his lips*.

The "fairest of the fair" auditors was a Miss Polly ———, who was at once his servant, his scholar, and his sister in the faith. She was captivated by the person of the dear man, not less than enchanted by his eloquence. The

fruit of their wrestlings soon became visible to the sight, and she is now a goodly scion in the habitation of the planter. Great was the agitation of his followers, on hearing of an event, that seemed to their unenlightened understandings a melancholy proof of the hypocrisy and profligacy of their teacher. But they were poor and ignorant creatures, unable to fathom the measure of his holiness, unacquainted with the extent of his spiritual resources. They were preparing therefore to punish his indiscretion by first withdrawing their education, and afterwards proceeding against him for support, when they were amazed, confounded, and humbled to the earth, by the production of a heavenly commission, which he had received from the hand of the angel Gabriel, and which commission empowered him to call unto his embraces any fair damsel who might appear useful in his eyes, and to replenish her as a vessel consecrated to religion with the oil of gladness, even so that she should shine as a lamp of brightness unto her less favoured sisters. By a clause in the commission, which is now deposited in the chapel, and exhibited occasionally to the pious and faithful of the communion, he is empowered inasmuch as "casual and occasional intercourse secures not the comforts of his habitation, to take unto himself a helpmate who may perform his domestic duties." In plain English, Mr. — is authorized by the angel Gabriel to keep a wife, and have at the same time as many concubines as he pleases. We are afraid, however, that he has gone beyond the strict letter of the warrant; for his lawful helpmate and his mistress both reside with him in his house, and have an equal share of his bed. But as long as the parties themselves are satisfied, and this mode of intercourse is acknowledged by those faithful disciples who have been blest with a sight of the sacred paper, and who admit that he has not transgressed beyond his authority, it would be equally wicked and presumptuous in an uninitiated scribbler to arraign his conduct.

Joanna Southcote having heard of this wonderful commission, and being anxious to discover whether the

MS. bore any resemblance to that of those heavenly epistles with which she herself had been so frequently and so peculiarly favoured, took the first opportunity of favouring her rival correspondent of angels with a visit. On comparing notes they found that the hand-writing was exactly the same: the seals indeed were a little different; the one being apparently impressed with a key, and the other with a thimble; but it was justly observed that in one case the letter might have been folded by Gabriel himself, and in the other by his wife. This explanation was satisfactory to both parties, and Joanna became a partner in the celestial corresponding office.

As a melancholy evidence of the depravity and fatuity of mankind, we take the liberty of inserting, as nearly as we can recollect, the substance of one of the epistles to Joanna, from a fallen angel.

Regions of Torment, H. W. E.*

“The angel Mammon, greeting, sendeth to best beloved Joanna, seven bibles, three drawings of the cross on Calvary, one pound of frankincence wherewith to perfume her apartment, six dozen of wax tapers to light up the house, and two reams of paper for tickets. The dead elect are all here happy and well, but see with sorrow that John Williams is hard of belief, and a backslider. Mammon hopes that from among you shall depart all who are doubtful, and by these tokens doth praise Joanna, and encourage her to exert herself. It may seem strange unto many that he thus should, being a spirit of darkness, testify of godliness, but he is but as a machine, and saith what is put into his mouth. Therefore, with great groaning and inward vexation of spirit, seeing that he himself loveth wickedness, doth he say these things unto you at the command of Gabriel. A new garment hath been ordered for your partner, a pair of shoes (listing) for his wife, and unto his damsel shall be sent a green sash with

* Half Way to Eternity. We have changed the name of the place from which the epistle is dated.

which she is commanded to appear at the house on Sunday. Ye are commanded to issue tickets next day of vision at 4s. 6d. each, and the faithful are required to purchase them. A new pulpit shall be erected, and Mary Thompson is hereby elected sweeper of the chapel. Write unto Gabriel as often as ye see fit, and ye shall be instructed in what appertains unto your right government."

The reputation of Joanna had preceded her ; her proselytes were numerous ; the manufactory having been relinquished by its proprietors was converted into a chapel, and Mr. — appointed to officiate as high-priest. It is almost needless to add that the profits were considerable ; tickets signed by an angel were valuable even as curiosities ; the seal of Gabriel could not be worth less than three and sixpence, and a sight of a dispatch from Elysium, or a confidential communication from a seraph was cheaply purchased by a present of china or Madeira. The conversion of the House of God into a den of thieves was found to be a very profitable species of legerdemain ; Joanna attended the chapel in diamonds, and Mr. — took unto himself an additional concubine.

But it was a serious mortification to Mr. — that his profits should be shared by the mercenary prophetess. Poor Joanna had no conception that if adultery was righteous in him, a more venial crime was sinful in herself. The candle-snuffer of the chapel was a comely youth, and the flame of Mrs. Southcote's love did not evaporate in smoke, but awaited the application of William's *extinguisher*. On the night of an unfortunate Saturday, her partner having occasion to enter the *sanctum sanctorum* of the chapel, commonly called the *temple of Cloacina*, was at once confounded and rejoiced at the discovery of a scene which, as our faculties would be inadequate to its description, we shall leave to be conceived by the imagination of the faithful.

The dire disgrace of his quondam patroness, he was not backward in circulating with all requisite assiduity. Joanna declared, that when they were disturbed by an in-

truder, she was only in the act of wrestling with an angel. But this defence was satisfactory to no greater number than twenty-five of the preacher's congregation; the others justly observed that a supernatural being would have selected a place of assignation more pleasant and secure. She found it convenient, therefore, to set out with her paramour on a tour through Lancashire; too happy to leave the chapel and its profits to her treacherous rival in the good graces of Mammon and Gabriel.

To act at the same time in the characters of a prophet and a preacher, without neglecting the pleasant and necessary duties of a treasurer, he found to be impossible. Nor was the conviction of his communication with heaven so strong or so prevalent with his disciples, as entirely to overcome the doubts of those who had known him from his infancy. Novelty too was wanting to attract the indifferent and confirm the wavering. After a long and ineffectual search for some one who might unite the experience of Joanna with the cunning of Carpenter and the impudence of Hill, he was obliged to make an agreement with an apprentice to a herald painter, who either really or pretendedly subject to fits and trances, was in the habit, after each recovery, of recounting visions to his friends. Him he engaged at half a guinea a week to act in the capacity of visionary-general. His dreams are embodied on the walls of the house, and the first object that presents itself to the wondering stranger, is a portrait of our Saviour riding on a white horse in boots and spurs, exhibited in the most conspicuous part of the chapel!

In our late observations on methodism, we have only casually noticed that *salacity of temperament* by which its followers are almost peculiarly distinguished. The union of lust and fanaticism is strikingly exemplified on every occasion that calls forth the original features of their character. Under whatever name it may be disguised, or under whatever form it may deceive the observation of the credulous or inattentive, lasciviousness is the pervading feeling by which their female proselytes are most con-

stantly affected: which intermingles with their devotions, and sustains their fortitude under the trivial privations to which they may be subjected in the ordinary intercourse of life. A female methodist, if she be denied the pleasures of society or the vanities of dress, employs her imagination, or beguiles her hours in brooding over the creations of a libidinous fancy. The discipline of her sect, which while it enflames the mind and excites the passions, condemns her to involuntary abstinence from innocent enjoyment, and from every amusement that can soothe the violence of emotion, attendant on her visit to the class meeting or the love feast, might be supposed, even without any knowledge of the fact, to produce the effects we have described; but those who have observed the strange mixture of sensual and of spiritual passion so conspicuous in their hymns; who have noticed the reference that is born by every metaphor they employ to the animal sensations and propensities; and that their devotional vocabulary is composed of such words as *enjoyment*, *possession*, *fruition*, will be convinced, without recurrence to the causes of such phenomenon, that the followers are the most lewd and licentious of human beings.

It is too generally known to be disputed that the methodist females are compelled at the periodical love-feast to give an account, in the society of each other, of all the evil thoughts that have intruded upon their privacy; of all the temptations, mental or external, to which their fortitude has been subjected, of the arguments by which they were overcome, or of the impression that they left on the mind and senses. Every impure idea that has floated across the imagination of a female saint during the preceding month, must be recalled to her remembrance, to be commented upon by the priest, and retained in the recollection of her companions. The ignorant are thus initiated into impurity: each fair confessor adds something to the general stock of sinful knowledge, and receives in return some important accession to her own treasure of licentious images. After the meeting has broke up, the first

week is involuntarily devoted to a mental analysis of all that she has heard; even this operation of her mind must be the subject of a future confession, and the rest of the month is employed in embodying every transient impression of adoubtful character, by an unremitted effort of self-consciousness, into a shape of iniquity that may be intelligible to the capacities of her sisters at the next love-feast.

A girl of sixteen, imperfectly educated, but brought up under the superintendence of rigid parents, attends the conventicle. Her imagination is inflamed by the enthusiastic manner and portentous expressions of the orator. The contagion of fanaticism is easily spread; she returns home in a state of nervous excitation; but having no rational belief, having been inflamed but not instructed, she knows not how to allay any more than she understands the emotions by which she is affected. It is easy to conceive in what way the passions of a young creature thus situated will display themselves. If the same stimulus be repeated, a lingering fervor of amatory passion succeeds to the violence of a temporary paroxysm; lust and fanaticism divide the empire of the soul, and while her lips are uttering the accents of devotion, her thoughts are wandering in pursuit of every ideal form of sensual impurity.

As the congregation of Mr. — is chiefly composed of discarded methodists, it is not surprising that its members should be characterized by the same symptoms of libidinous furor. The faux pas of Joanna Southcote has rendered incontinence a mark of piety, and her regular followers have no reason to be ashamed in this respect of the seceders who believe in the inspiration of Robert Preston. The truth is, that the House of God and the Octagon of Blackfriars afford as many conveniencies to the votaries of Venus, as the theatres or the tea-gardens; and the prostitute of the box lobby is more innocent than the female admirer of a * * * * in the same proportion that simple licentiousness is less detestable than the union of lust and blasphemy.

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THE utility of a dictionary of the English language adapted more immediately to the use of the existing ministry, and of placemen in expectancy, is too evident to require the aid of argument or illustration. More than five years have elapsed since the great statesman now no more, was called to receive the reward of his stupendous exertions in the cause of social order and regulated freedom. Since that period the elements of his political vocabulary have not only been reduced to some degree of system by those who knew him best, and lament him most, but have been adopted by a party which though avowedly hostile to his living merits, has always displayed a noble veneration for his memory, and a just admiration of his principles of government. The editor presumes to hope, therefore, that in bringing forward the present publication he is doing an acceptable service to both parties; it is necessary for the security of those in power that they should have some established language of communication with each other, as well as with their dependents; and we fervently hope that even the whig opponents of the ministry will feel what is due to their own honour, and conducive to their future interests; that in censuring the measures of their political opponents, they will not employ the vocabulary of the people; but that by a due observance of the phraseology of office, and by abstaining from all endeavours to render its real import

familiar to the lower orders of society, they may check the progress of that spirit of public curiosity which, were it to expand with a rapidity proportioned to its present strength, would only accomplish the downfall of the existing ministers, by disappointing the expectations of those, who in the regular course of things would have been appointed their successors. When the interest of their party indeed requires a formidable struggle, some detached and independent watch-word of debate may be selected as the signal of senatorial disputation; but whenever an attempt is made to change the structure, or to attack the general principles of the ministerial vocabulary, it becomes the duty of every faithful commoner to "rally round the government," to check the progress of innovation, and to defeat the machinations of jacobinical wickedness.

While the people continue to believe that the ostensible and real meaning of our party orators are the same: that patriotism is synonymous with love of country, and loyalty with attachment to the sovereign, it would be an act of cruelty equally useless and foolish to awake them from their dream of happiness. No reason can be given why a peasant should be informed that public spirit means a wish for place, and an attachment to his majesty a love of sinecures. To prevent, therefore, the possibility of these evils, the subscription to each volume of this work will be one hundred guineas; a price, it is hoped, that will effectually preclude its admission into the libraries of the citizens of London, the editors of periodical works, or the provincial advocates of reform. Indeed it will so happen, that the persons for whose use it is particularly designed, will be the most able, and it is hoped, not the least reluctant to honor it with their patronage. A trifling proportion of those pensions or sinecures, of which they are in actual possession, or which they retain as the rewards of former services, they surely cannot consider as improperly bestowed, on the encouragement of a work devoted solely to the exemplification of a language

to which they were possibly indebted for their dignities and emoluments.

It may be necessary to observe, that I have seldom quoted the words of my authorities. A simple reference to the speeches or writings of the persons mentioned will, on most occasions, convince the reader that I have not misrepresented their modes of phraseology, their interpretation of the standard words, or their general opinions.

I have only to add, that on this as on every other occasion, I am influenced solely by loyalty to my sovereign, and attachment to my country; that entertaining a just abhorrence of the feelings and principles of jacobinism, I was only anxious to exert my feeble abilities in defence of all that is sacred and venerable in our happy constitution; that my pages, if they have no other merit, are totally free from the cant of the reformist; that the servants to whom our gracious sovereign has committed the guidance of his counsels, are treated with uniform and disinterested reverence; that in the Ministerial Dictionary the man of rank will find nothing to shock the sensibility of his feelings; that due adoration is paid to the great statesman now no more, the lamented friend of Perceval and Canning, the pilot who weathered the storm, and the patron of the humble writer of this prospectus; and above all things, that the names of Sir Francis Burdett and his disciples, are never mentioned but in terms of indignant reprobation, or without himself, and his admirers, being held up to the scorn and detestation of the public, in their appropriate characters of traitors and madmen.

SPECIMENS.

ADMINISTRATION (*the present*). A band of *statesmen*, who, out of pure zeal for the welfare of their country, and compassion to his most gracious Majesty, who, it is well known, has been much distressed in his endeavours to form an efficient ministry, consent with great reluctance to take upon themselves the fatigues of office.

ADMINISTRATION (*the late*). A set of low adventu-

ners, who had no other object on taking possession of office than to enrich themselves at the expence of the nation: a dancing, drunken, abandoned crew; impudently assuming to themselves all the talents of the kingdom, while they were the laughing-stock of Europe, and the objects of national scorn and execration. A late administration is always distinguished from the *present* by the epithets weak, selfish, place-hunting, time-serving, apostate; in contra-distinction to the epithets vigorous, efficient, splendid, virtuous, and heaven-born, applied from time immemorial to the *in* party.

ACTIVITY, means, what is called, in common language, *slowness, tardiness, &c.* If an expedition be sent out, for instance, within four months after it can be useful; if a few troops of cavalry arrive in Spain, *after* the army which they were intended to reinforce has been defeated, or has re-embarked; or if, by the most *strenuous exertions*, a couple of surgeon's mates, and a dozen pounds of Peruvian bark are sent to an island about a day's sail from the mouth of the Thames, just in time to discover that half of the sick whom they were hastening to relieve are already dead, and the rest on their voyage to England—these are proofs of wonderful *activity*. Sometimes, indeed, it would appear that *activity* is synonymous to *bustle*. For instance, an administration sends two thousand men to an island perfectly secure from the attacks of the enemy; another two thousand to take possession of a rock, or a volcano, which, after remaining in our possession till the garrison is wasted away by want and sickness, is evacuated; and the remainder of our disposable force sent to the Ganges or the Dardanelles, from whence, after astonishing and alarming the people by a few harmless broadsides, it returns in all the pride of victory. If all this takes place while our own shores are commanded by French frigates, and the gun-boats of the enemy lie in security under the batteries of Dover, the ministers may *then* lay claim to the praise of *energy*.

ABILITY. The power of talking two hours about nothing.

BURDETTITES. The followers of one Burdett; a most villainous ruffian; an enemy to sinecure places, and gratuitous pensions; a weak, ignorant, perverse, stupid, insignificant, terrible, contemptible monster: a man *beneath contempt*, yet *unfortunately possessing a lamentable power of inflaming the passions of the multitude*; an insignificant fellow, whose character is fully exposed in three or four columns of every daily paper in the service of the ministers; a schoolboy in the leading-strings of Horne Tooke, yet desperate and self-willed: an obscure person, lately elected at the expence of the electors of Westminster. From him his followers take the name of Burdettites; a low set of ragamuffins composing about three fourths of this metropolis; a mob of half-starved wretches, without shoes or breeches, resident in the heart of Westminster. They are more frequently distinguished by the epithets of jacobins and levellers; but if the reader wishes to estimate them as they ought to be estimated by every true placeman, he may find a very full exposition of their wickedness, ignorance, poverty, and vulgarity, in any number of the Morning Post.

FRIEND. A man whom you hate, as you hate the devil. See the speech of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning previous to the latter's resignation. A **FRIEND** to the constitution, is one who supports the existing ministry; a friend to social order and our holy religion, is a person who in return for a sinecure of two or three thousand a year, favors the public with an annual pamphlet in praise of Mr. Pitt.

FINANCE. The art of raising seventy millions annually, and expending it in such a manner as may be most profitable to the minister and his dependents.

FLOURISH. A country is said to be in a flourishing state, when it is on the verge of bankruptcy, when its poor's rates are annually doubled, when there is a total stagnation of trade, when every gazette contains about

fifty bankrupts, when all its foreign relations are broken or disarranged, when a long and expensive war has brought it to the verge of subjugation, when its armies have been annihilated in ill-concerted expeditions, and its resources been exhausted in pensions and gratuities to a host of courtiers. When a minister congratulates the country on the *flourishing* state of the finances, he means that with great difficulty he has been able to fund three millions of exchequer bills, that forty millions only have just been added to the national debt, that he has been able, by this trifling addition to our burdens, to take off the duty on hats, and that the income tax has been raised without an insurrection of the people.

FORESIGHT. The faculty of looking three deep into a reversionary grant. It is sometimes applied to that peculiar species of second-sight which enables a minister to provide for himself and friends, just before he tenders his resignation.

GOVERNMENT. The chancellor of the exchequer and his colleagues.

HOUSE, THE. Were any thing wanting to demonstrate the superiority of this happy nation over every ancient or modern land of freedom, the composition and constitution of this assembly would bring conviction to the most obstinate and illiterate. It is well known that out of pure zeal to serve their country the majority of its members have been at an expence of thirty thousand pounds to obtain a seat which they do not occupy above once a sitting. There are seats of all prices, and those who are able to distinguish themselves by their oratorical talents in the house, are content to be elected by the unbiassed and patriotic suffrages of the independent freeholders of Appleby, Honiton, or Stafford.

But such is the noble spirit of English senators, that they frequently disdain to accept a seat without the glory of a contest, and generously expend four times their incomes in obtaining the privilege of doing service to their country. It is well known that a member of parliament

can have no possible motive for entering the house of commons but the purest patriotism. The most strenuous exertion of oratorical talent in the support of social order and our holy religion, cannot be more liberally rewarded than by an annual sinecure of £16,000 a year, a reversionary grant of half that sum, and a pension of similar magnitude, for three or four generations. Rewards like these cannot reasonably be supposed to be worthy the ambition of British senators: they are indeed occasionally accepted by a meritorious individual out of pure obedience to his gracious sovereign, who, it is to be presumed, forced them upon him in spite of all his supplication to the contrary: but a voluntary retention of sinecure emoluments is thought to savor of *corruption*; and of *corruption* it is well known that the house of commons, both individually and collectively, entertains the most sensitive abhorrence.

OFFICE. The reward of vigor, eloquence, and integrity. It is well known however that nothing but the most ardent sense of duty would influence any one to undergo the fatigues of so thankless and unprofitable a possession. With how much difficulty the sovereign is enabled to fill the great offices of state, is too notorious to be mentioned. A few humble and conscientious men, however, like Messrs. Percival and Yorke, are occasionally to be found, who rather than the affairs of the nation should be involved in ruin for want of fit and proper persons to direct them, are willing to lay aside every selfish feeling, and sacrifice their time and health to the welfare of their country.

PATRIOT. A seditious inflammatory wretch. A jacobin. A person never to be sufficiently detested by every true placeman; for whom poisoning would be too good if it were not punishable by law, or the laws were not administered by upright judges. It is a matter of course that a patriot is a needy wretch, a weak, insignificant, foolish fellow, a crafty, artful, designing disturber of the peace, a violent, head-strong lunatic,—all these

together, or by turns. He must be hunted down by the united pack of ministerial and opposition hounds: the house must unite to oppose every motion he brings forward: and at his formidable presence, the lesser powers must rally round the government. If he can be frightened by the employment of such "words and phrases of thunder," as "*heavy responsibility, conspiracy, social order, and our holy religion, all that is great, and good, and virtuous,— horrors of anarchy—afflictions of an exalted personage, revolutionary France, and secret machinations*" so much the better—If these fail, something may be effected by pouring forth against him all the torrents of *Byrnian* abuse: his private history must be ferreted out; his efforts in favor of the people must be ascribed to treasonable motives; when he defends the liberty of the press it must be insinuated that he is a mercenary agent of our "direful foe," and if he is unable to prevent the populace from testifying their admiration of his conduct, his necessary acquiescence must be construed into a concerted plan of national insurrection.

SERVICES. A person is said to receive the reward of his long and laborious services when, in consideration of his having condescended to accept an income of two or three thousands per annum, for the space of eight or nine years for doing nothing, his gracious master creates him a peer, and bestows on him a sinecure worth twice the amount of his former salary. The ministers find so much difficulty in disposing of the revenues of this flourishing country, that any friend of theirs, who is willing to take a few thousands per annum off their hands for any reasonable period of time, is sure of being ultimately recompensed for his trouble by the highest honors of the state. There is a material distinction however between services to the nation and services to the ministry: for whereas the former may be performed by picking your teeth for two hours of the day at a public office, by occasional attendance at the Prince Regent's levee, and by counting your salary as soon as you receive it; the latter cannot be ful-

filled without an occasional attendance at elections, or without rising in your place once a week during the continuance of the session to praise your colleagues and patrons, and abuse your political opponents.

TRAITORS. Journalists who have the courage to speak the truth; members of parliament who *belong* neither to the ministers nor the opposition; every person who supposes that any portion of the public money can be more profitably bestowed than on the idle friends and vagabond relations of a profligate ministry. In short, all who pretend to freedom of opinion, or presume to exercise the liberty of the press.

CLERICAL CALLOSIITY.

“Is there any cause in *nature*, that makes these hard hearts?”

LEAR.

No indeed. We owe this, and many other praiseworthy *et ceteras*, to *cultivation*, to *civilization*, to a contempt of *vulgar prejudices*, acting in conformity with *the spirit of the times*.

MAN, as an *animal*, is to his young, as all other animals are, tender and affectionate; and in their support will suffer any privation, will brave any danger. The Samoiede, or the Caffre, the Esquimaux, will starve, will die for his offspring: nay, even a bear, a very Greenland bear, so incapable of suffering, will shame the triplex-coated front of modern insensibility.

The wonderful difference between God Almighty's creatures, and *sophisticated man*, never struck me more forcibly than through an occurrence which happened some time ago. Being on a journey in the midland counties, I stopped for refreshment at an inn in the center of a small country market town. The church bell was tolling

heavily, as for an interment. There seemed to be an inexpressible something stamped on the clouded brow of every one I saw. As the day had been extremely sultry, and the clouds highly charged with electricity, I at first was willing to attribute the observations merely to atmospheric operation on my nervous system; still, as every passing countenance was enveloped in the same mysterious gloom, my curiosity at length prompted me to enquire for whom the funeral rite was preparing. "Ah, Sir," says a decently dressed elderly man, with tears in eyes, "poor William, it was but this day week he was as well as any of us. We have had a very dangerous fever here, amongst us, for some time, a great many people have died of it. The poor youth, who now lies dead, was the son of a clergyman on the border of the next county, a very few miles off, and as good a young man as ever broke bread. He had been two or three years with a very respectable person of this place, and was the delight of every one around him. He sickened six days ago, and, from the very first, no hopes were entertained of his recovery. His father was made acquainted with his alarming state, and, it was thought, in course, would have flown to visit him; but no, the fever was malignant, was highly infectious, he would neither come himself, or suffer any of his family! I see, Sir, you are shocked, and well you may; there never was any thing like it. Well, Sir, the poor boy finding his end rapidly approaching, dispatched a messenger earnestly requesting his father to come and pray by him. The father would not come; he would not make an effort to smooth the pillow, to close the eyes of his dying, his unoffending, his dutiful child. Our good curate hearing of his distressed situation, although he has a large family, and only a curate, immediately and voluntarily went and performed the duty of the church to the expiring youth. Poor William, although nearly exhausted, stretched out his hand, and feebly grasping that of his benevolent friend, faintly articulated, 'thank you, Sir, God bless you; you have done that for me which my own

father refused,' and instantly expired." At that moment the procession approached, and never was beheld more unequivocal marks of regret for a departed friend. Sweet are thy powers, O Sympathy ! In front moved the benevolent curate: I never till then thirsted for power, a mitre would certainly fit that head.

" How far the little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed, in a naughty world."

On crossing the same country, a few weeks after, I had an opportunity of receiving corroborating evidence of the facts above stated. Such, as that all the mummery of keeping within doors a certain number of days, and parading the " customary suits of solemn black," were to the utmost verge of genteel etiquette circumspectly complied with. That the *gentleman* was in the same general repute with his parishioners as *pluralists* usually are, was not at present a *justice*, but expected to come on *the next turn*. I do not pretend to say this (I had nearly, *per lapsus*, said man) did any thing illegal, it certainly was at his option to attend, or not, to the request of a dying child. The *poor bear*, of whom so affecting a story is related in Phipps's *Voyages, though severely wounded, and but just able to crawl to the place where her offspring lay, expressed the most affectionate concern in the dying moments of her expiring young*. But, she was one of God Almighty's creatures. The disorder was catching, and it was none of the *parson's business* to go several miles to read prayers in a sick room ; no, that belonged to the *curate of the parish*. And, as to his having a large family dependant on him, why, that was the natural consequence of *such kind of people* entering into *holy orders* without having first secured the road to *preferment*. Aye, aye, *reverend Sir*, that's all vastly good, very considerate and clerical, truly ; lay that flattering unction to your soul, spread it on thick enough be sure ye. And when you next read the first morning lesson for the 23d of April, give but the closing verse its full, its due emphasis, "*and then to dinner with what appetite you may.*"

Mansfield,
July 11th, 1811.

A TRAVELLER

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER.

 No. V.

“ That Lord Wellington can advance into the heart of Spain is nearly impossible. The armies by which he is opposed are numerous, and the positions on which they retreat favorable to defensive operations. But Portugal is saved! her frontier when defended by the means Lord Wellington now possesses is impregnable, and if the country was before so exhausted as to render subsistence impossible to the French army, it is evident that the experiment, supposing his lordship to retreat, cannot be repeated. We should presume that it is Bonaparte's design to confine the operation of his armies to Spain. He probably calculates that it will be possible with the forces now there, at once to defend its frontier and to keep its people in subjection. But the great effect of Massena's retreat will be to inspire the Spaniards with renewed confidence in their allies, to shew them that a determined spirit of resistance is likely to be rewarded with ultimate success, and that though we are victors, *we do not conquer for ourselves.*”

SCOURGE, Vol. 1, page 351.

AT the moment when these observations appeared the ministerial writers were congratulating their countrymen on the deliverance of Europe, and the inevitable downfall of the “ arch tyrant, whose crimes were at length about to receive the cup of retribution.” Rosa Matilda was quite certain that her “ best of heroes” would in a few days be in possession of Navarre; and we know from the best authority that a gentleman high in office had prepared an “ ode on the entrance of Lord Wellington into Madrid,” of which the publication was only suspended by the unexpected retreat of the allied army to Villa Formosa. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which we had spoken of the talents of our commander, and the bravery of our soldiers, the doubts that we expressed of the immediate deliverance of the peninsula, were ascribed to the influence of faction: our opinion that Lord Wellington could not advance into the heart of Spain, was declared

to be equally absurd and reprehensible, and we were told, in language too plain to be misunderstood, that our predictions were only the offspring of our wishes. How far our sentiments were chargeable with absurdity we must leave our readers to determine from the evidence before them ; and we should be little worthy of the office we have assumed, were we to refrain from the expression of a single sentiment from any regard to the calumnies of the ministerial editors.

But it is the misfortune of the English journalists that they are always in extremes : the advocates of the war in the peninsula convert every doubtful conflict, and every insignificant skirmish, into a theme of outrageous exultation : they magnify every petty display of prowess into a momentous victory, and unrestrained by shame, or uninstructed by experience, regard every movement of our army, as only preliminary to the final expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. Their opponents, on the contrary, derive no pleasure from any intelligence, however glorious to the British arms, or however disastrous to the enemy ; they despair with even less reason than the partizans of the present system rejoice ; they array before their readers in studied display all the possibilities of misfortune, and proceed to weep over the picture they have drawn. Now if either party were willing or able to lay aside for a few moments their prejudices and passions, they might discover that though there is no ground for immediate hope, there is still less foundation for despondency as to the ultimate issue of the contest. The more we have considered the subject, the more we are convinced that the cause of Spain will be slowly, but certainly successful ; that though the contest will be protracted to a length that may exhaust the patience of the sanguine, its issue will be such as to rejoice the most desponding friends of continental liberty ; and that the triumph which fortune has denied to military prowess, will be the final reward of perseverance.

Whoever compares the present state of the Portuguese troops with their condition immediately preceding the battle of Vimeira, will find in that comparison alone a rational ground of confidence in our final success. About two years ago they were a ragged, undisciplined crew, totally unable to stand the most desultory fire; with apparently incorrigible habits of insubordination; capable of individual prowess but incapable of acting in a body. Mr. Semple in his second journey in Spain, thus describes their discipline and appearance. "The streets, the squares, the quays, were lined with ranks of volunteers, whose arms, equipment, and movements were most various and whimsical. The greater proportion carried pikes, some were armed with fowling-pieces, some with bayonets screwed on poles, some with small swords, with daggers, with pistols, or a single pistol. Here and there in the ranks were seen halberds and pikes of curious and ancient workmanship, which had probably been wielded in the wars of the fifteenth century, and after long lying in dust and darkness were now dragged forth to light. The assortment of the men was as various as their arms. The tall and the short, the lean and the corpulent, the old man and the stripling, stood side by side. At the word of command, some turned to the right, and others to the left; some parts of the line advanced while others remained stationary. In short, every thing was ridiculous except their cause, and that was most sacred. It is only necessary to see these, or similar levies, to be impressed with the folly of attempting to defend a country with them against a regular force. In a town or pass they may be of great service, but in the present state of military science, a state which trusts to them in any great degree for her safety, when the hour of danger approaches will inevitably be lost. The sure and hard test of good troops is the bayonet. How then can it be expected that new levies of citizens should stand this test, at the very first time of their seeing an enemy? and stand it they must, seeing that they have no other arms but those of hand to hand, a pike, or a halberd, or a sword. Because they were armed, and

the enemy was not at their gates, the Portuguese already began to utter rhodomontades. Every man finding a weapon in his hands, perhaps for the first time performed with it a thousand deeds of heroism."

If the citizens were thus unfitted for warfare, the peasants were still more inefficient and defenceless. Yet we find that in less than a year after this description was written, these new levies "were worthy of fighting side by side with British troops;" and that they are now not only formidable for personal bravery, but for their regularity of discipline. They have displayed as much constancy in regular conflict, as activity in desultory warfare, and require the cooperation of the English, only because they are outnumbered by the enemy. In the course of another year, the levies that have succeeded to these, will have been making an equal progress in the use of arms; army will succeed to army; and before the conclusion of another campaign, the Portuguese will be a nation of soldiers.

A change not less observable is in the mean time taking place in the constitution of the Spanish armies. The guerillas, inured to danger, and accustomed to privation in desultory skirmish, are rapidly acquiring the habits of regular troops, under the guidance of that discipline which necessity has introduced, and the example of their allies promoted. As they are drafted into the regular corps, their places are supplied by a new host of adventurous peasantry; the population of the country will be poured forth in successive numbers and proportions, as the contingencies of warfare may require, and Spain will be gradually converted into a nursery of warriors.

"When Castanos (says Captain Pasley) by superiority of numbers surrounded and took the army of Dupont; when the inhabitants of Zaragoza and Valencia so obstinately resisted and triumphed over the desperate attacks of the French, who were obliged from all points to retire behind the Ebro, then nothing but Spanish patriotism was talked of in England, and all manner of impos-

sibilities were expected from it. After the end of the same year, when events had awfully proved the inferiority of new levies, and exposed the precarious situation of a nation, which has neither an establishment of well disciplined troops nor of fortresses to oppose to veteran armies: instead of profiting by the lesson, and seeing those important facts in their real light, we suddenly became as loud and unreasonable in our abuse, as we had formerly been absurdly extravagant in our admiration of the Spanish levies; and for a long time after we accused these brave men, the victims of their attachment to the cause of their country, of want of patriotism. Want of patriotism was most unfeelingly thrown out against the heroes who buried themselves in the ruins of Zaragoza; against the young students of the universities who served as private soldiers, and nearly perished in the disastrous operations of Blake, against the many thousands of unhappy men, the flower of the youth of Spain, who from a want of good officers, and of all the essentials of an army, which are not to be acquired in a few months, nor even in a few years, were unable to withstand their warlike invaders in the field, and who (small as the proportion of them that have actually fallen in the field may be) have been wasted away by an accumulation of evils ten times more destructive than the sword. Those however who ascribed the motives of the Spaniards to any thing but a want of good will in their own cause, were soon confirmed in their favorable opinion of that nation by the most convincing facts. What stronger proof could be desired of patriotism in any country, than that the people of Asturias and Galicia, after they saw themselves abandoned by a gallant body of more than twenty-five thousand British troops, disdained to submit to that very French army, from which it was generally supposed that we had made a fortunate escape, in being able to effect our reembarkation, after a rapid retreat?"*—*Essay on the Military Policy and Institutions*

* Nothing could more powerfully demonstrate the fallacy of those conclusions that are drawn from the apparent apathy of the Spanish

of the British Empire. By C. W. Pasley, Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers. Part 1. page 296, &c.†

It is the inevitable result of a warfare conducted in the bosom of a country, that its inhabitants are taught the means of defence, or revenge, by the victories and oppressions of their enemies. A great proportion of the Spanish people must, without any original disposition to resist their invaders, have been inured to privations and fatigues, infinitely more distressing than they are likely to encounter in joining the standard of their brother patriots. The peasant who can remain in the bosom of his family, or pursue his humble labours in tranquillity, will scarcely be tempted to risque the dangers and distresses of a military life by the impulse of speculative patriotism; but after he has been driven from his cottage by the enemies of his country, deprived of his domestic comforts, and separated from every tender attachment, the life of a soldier is not only that which revenge would excite him to prefer, but that to which he is led by necessity, and for which the privations attendant on destitution have prepared his body and his mind. The great mass of the people, when they feel that there is neither comfort nor security in looking on the contest with inactive indifference, no longer feel their emotions of revenge or patrio-

people, than the important fact commemorated in the preceding sentence. Sir John Moore mistook gravity for insensibility, and slowness for indifference. Had our ministers been guided by his representation, how deeply would Europe have had occasion to lament their hastiness of decision!—EDITOR.

† The pleasure that we have received from this important work may partly be owing to that partiality with which political disputants are apt to regard every author whose coincidence of opinion flatters their self-love. The sentiments that we have formerly advanced on the policy of England, receive in this work a powerful, and, if we mistake not, a masterly support. The speculations of Captain Pasley are ingenious, his reasoning powerful, and his language equally remarkable for energy and elegance.—EDITOR.

tism repressed by a comparison between the dangers and privations of the field, and the tranquillity and felicity of their former peaceful habitations. Every one is prepared for a life of agitation and activity; to remain at once restless and neutral, is impossible. Those who dread the immediate vengeance of the enemy, augment the strength of those who have already experienced its severity; and the number of those who fly to the standard of national freedom will always be in proportion to the progress of the invader, and to the consequent disorganization of society.

It is in this point of view that the means of Spanish resistance far outvie Napoleon's resources of invasion. While the exhaustless population of Spain are gradually requiring the habits of a military life, Buonaparte must continue to draw his numerical supplies, not from a mine of which the treasure requires only to be moulded into a useful form, but from a bank of which the capital is limited. The cause of Spain will be ultimately victorious, because time will transmute its effective population into warriors: the failure of Buonaparte is inevitable, because the improvement of the Spaniards in military skill will be in an inverse proportion to the numbers of their invaders. The object of the patriots is to *form* soldiers, that of Buonaparte to *find* them; the wishes of the former will approach nearer and nearer to their accomplishment as the contest proceeds; the endeavours of the latter will be less and less successful as they become more necessary.

The expulsion of the French, therefore, from the peninsula, while it cannot be effected by any single victory, however glorious to the allies, may in all probability be accomplished by the union of enterprize and perseverance. To exhaust the enemy by little and little; to keep him constantly but fruitlessly on the alert; to advance as he retreats, and retreat as he advances, while our allies distress him by desultory skirmishes; to take up such positions as may render it unsafe for him to leave

us unopposed, while to pursue us must be unavailing, is the obvious policy of the English commander. Now it is evident that the plan of Lord Wellington effects this object completely. His line of march is so traced out, that when in danger of attack from a superior force, he can retire on an impregnable position, disputing if it be necessary every inch of a country favorable to defensive operations; he is prepared after famine has forced the enemy to retire, to harass them in their retreat at a risque comparatively insignificant: while the patriots are only able to assist his operations by acting as irregular auxiliaries, he accomplishes a diversion that may be favorable to the execution of their temporary enterprizes, to the maturation of their future plans, or to the excitement of renovated vigor; and when by the combined operation of the causes that we have pointed out, they assume a more imposing attitude, and are able to cooperate in a regular and formidable body, he is always at hand to form a junction by which the enemy may be overpowered, or to keep employed one portion of the French army, while the patriots try their strength with the rest.

Nor is the expence of blood and treasure disproportionate to the probable effect of our exertions. The portion of our annual income formerly expended in ill-concerted expeditions to unimportant points of attack, may now be devoted to the furtherance of the war in the Peninsula. The army must be paid if it remain at home, and the purchase money of the sinecure places held by Lord Castlereagh and his family, would defray the expences of the last campaign. With regard to the destruction of our troops, no one expects that they can defeat the enemy in any quarter of the globe without loss or danger; and it remains therefore to be proved, that the war on the peninsula is likely to be more destructive than hostilities in any other quarter. From what we have already said of Lord Wellington's system of operation, it is evident that the possibility of loss to the army under his command, is less than it would necessarily be on

almost any other theatre of warfare. In our former expeditions we have had no alternative, but to be victorious in immediate conflict, or to re-embark with a momentous diminution of our numbers; and even victory could not secure us from re-embarkation in the front of a superior army, collected from the interior of the country. After the duke of York had taken Valenciennes he obtained no security for himself against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy: he had no position to which he could retreat in the face of a superior force, and arrange his plans either of future offensive operations, or of deliberate re-embarkation. All these advantages are possessed by Lord Wellington—he may give battle or decline it as he thinks expedient: and has it always in his power to retire to an impregnable position.

Independent therefore of the ultimate deliverance of Spain, our troops employed on the Peninsula are acquiring, at the least possible expence of lives, the habits of veteran soldiers, and our generals gaining that experience which alone was wanting to enable them to contend with the ablest generals of France. If we be at last reduced to the necessity of leaving the Peninsula to its fate, we have acquired the habits and the experience that may enable us more effectually to resist the enemy on our native shores; but if we accomplish its deliverance, those habits, and that experience, will enable us to make still more extensive and formidable efforts for the salvation of Europe.

In the same proportion that the prolongation of the contest exhausts the resources of Bonaparte, it weakens his influence over the continental states, and affords them a pause of inactivity, during which they may organize their plans of resistance to his power, and recruit their financial and military strength.

If the campaign in Portugal should occupy the generals and armies of Bonaparte to any very distant period, the disproportion between the military resources of France and Austria will be incalculably diminished. There are

indeed no symptoms of impatience observable in the present conduct of the continental powers; but their apathy in all probability arises from the consciousness of weakness, and the attitude of defiance may be once more assumed, when they feel the stability of renovated vigor.

July 13th, 1811.

A SPECIMEN OF MODERN EDITORSHIP.

A doctor so grave, and a virgin so bright,
Hob-a-nobbed on some right marasquin,
They swallowed the cordial with truest delight,
Giles Jollup the grave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the brown Sally Green.

LEWIS.

A doctor so grave.—I suspect that there is some little error here—*so grave* as what? It is not thus that our author murders Priscian. Let us read therefore *too* grave, an emendation that will improve the spirit of the line. “A doctor *too* grave and a virgin *too* bright,” will then mean that the doctor wanted the suavity and amiability necessary in conversation with so beauteous a damsel, and that the virgin herself was too bright, too lovely for the *doctor's* peace.—I hope that the reader will give me some small share of credit for this correction.

P. PANGLOSS.

Mr. Pangloss is totally wrong; the true reading is evidently *most*. “A doctor *most* grave, and a virgin *most* bright,” requires no explanation, except as far as regards the last word bright, which, as applied to a virgin, I do not understand. Probably there is some allusion here to the brightness of virgin gold; yet it seems a strange idea to make a maiden's face shine like brass, and I should therefore propose the substitution of “straight,” by which epithet the author no doubt intended to intimate that though (see line fifth) she was only four feet high, she

was yet well made and well proportioned; a piece of information introduced with admirable art, and the more necessary, as otherwise we might have conjectured, from her diminutive stature that she was hump-backed and splay-footed. Such casual touches of this kind shew the hand of a great genius, and could only be mistaken by ignorance and folly.

DR. BOUNCE.

It is lamentable to contemplate such instances of fatuity and presumption as are here exhibited. The form of expression in the line as it originally stands is so common, that none but men disposed to blunder could possibly mistake its meaning. It is more than barbarous thus to play with the text at the mere suggestion of ignorant caprice. But the next line really demands both explanation and correction. What is the meaning of to *Hob-a-nob*? This writer was not accustomed to employ such expressions at random, and it may not be entirely useless therefore to make some enquiry into its origin and meaning. I am indebted to my learned and ingenious friend the Rev. Mr. Syntax, the extent of whose knowledge is only equalled by that of his library, for reminding me that *Hod* signifies, in some parts of the country, the brick-work at the side of the fire, on which the kettle usually stands; and that it is customary for the peasants in the evenings of winter after the kettle is removed, to place their *noggin* or quarter pint of ale or gin on the *hod* instead of a table. For *hob*, therefore, we should certainly read *hod*—"Hod-a-nob." The *hods* in genteel families used formerly to be surmounted by a kind of iron globe against which the tongs and poker generally rested; this was called a *nob*. *A* means *by*, from the French; as in *vis-à-vis*, *tête à tête*: the meaning of to *hod-a-nob*, therefore, is to drink out of a pot placed on the *hod* by the *nob*: i. e. near to the fire. Thus amended and explained the line presents us with a most beautiful picture of amatory affection. We witness, in imagination, the fond couple sitting by the evening fire in social chit chat and affectionate alliance; the left arm of

Jollup entwined round the neck of his mistress, while with his right, he presents to her lips the delicious cordial, which is so appropriately and so poetically designated by the name of Marasquin.

MR. TODD.

(*Hob-a-nobb'd on some right marasquin.*)

Hob-a-nobb'd.—The solution of the learned gentleman is more than usually ingenious, but will not, I am afraid, be quite satisfactory to the judicious reader. By *hob*, is meant a hob-nail; and by *hob-a-nob*, the act of driving that nail into a horse's shoe. To "*hob-a-nob on some right marasquin*," means therefore neither more nor less than to put the vessel in which it is contained frequently to the mouth, and draw it back again, as a smith's hammer is lifted up after each successive blow. This explanation is confirmed by the use of the preposition *on* immediately after the verb; for had not there been some metaphorical allusion to *hob-a-nob*, *with* would have been the natural expression.

MR. DOUCE.

To *hob* is to *jerk*—a hobby-horse is a jerking horse. So in the comedy of Mother Goose-cap. "And now she went hob, hob, hob, and now she went softly, softly," where to go *hob, hob, hob*, means to go jerkingly, by broken and hurried impulses. *Hob-a-nob* is only a corruption of *hob and hob*—vulgo hob an' hob, that is *jerk* after *jerk*. There is no occasion, therefore, for the remark of Mr. Douce. Perhaps hob may come from hobbling, but of this I am doubtful.

THE LAUREAT.

Of observations like these what can be said but that they degrade the dignity of criticism, and by exhibiting the weaknesses of worth and genius in all their protrusion of display, add energy to malice, and point the weapons of resistless satire. Had those who have preceded me been less anxious to display the amplitude of their intellectual powers, or the extent of their scholastic acquisitions, than to elucidate the text of the author whom they have chosen to exemplify, they would have seen that

Hob-a-nob was a provincial barbarism, of which the origin cannot be discovered, and which if its parentage were less remote would not deserve the labour of enquiry. Let the reader be satisfied with being told that to Hob-a-nob is to drink alternately ; and that whatever may be the final deductions of the etymologist, its expressiveness of meaning cannot justly be disputed. In the circles of bibulatory potation, among the votaries of convivial pleasure, and the admirers of exhilarative jocularly, this description of Dr. Jollup's valedictory interview with the maiden of his choice, will be long remembered with admiration and delight.

DR. PARR.

I have given these notes as I found them. Not indeed that they are of any great value, but because they are characteristic of their authors. The text is right. In a poem entitled " The Bridge-street Hero," the word *so* is used as in the first line.

" With manners so gentle and knowledge amazing,"

Bright requires neither explanation nor correction ; it occurs in the sense here intended in every work of reputation. But it is not to be expected that a critic should be acquainted with any book but that of which he has chosen to be editor.

GIFFORD.

(*Hob-a-nobb'd on some right marasquin.*)

Right marasquin ! there must be some mistake here. We have heard of right conduct, but this is the first time, I believe, that a poet ventured to speak of right liquor. For *right*, read (meo periculo) *white*. Marasquin is a cordial from Italy, of the colour of water. Its derivation I know not.

MR. PANGLOSS.

This commentator forgot that water is colourless. Marasquin does *not* come from Italy, and it is of a red colour. Right means *neat*. Right brandy is genuine brandy without water. Indeed Mr. Pangloss does not seem either to have much *spirit* himself, or to know much of it in the abstract.

DR. BOUNCE.

The learned doctor might have spared his wit. Masquarin is blue, and not red. *Right* is evidently *wrong*; it is *clear* that the true word is *bright*. I flatter myself that this is a *luminous* explanation of this much controverted passage.

DUBOIS.

With all due respect to the learned doctor, and the ingenious barrister, I am still of opinion that *white* is the true reading; and that there is such a word may be proved by innumerable examples. For instance, in the drama called Peter's Pin;

"A bonny *white* horse, and a pretty grey mare."

Again, in "The true History of Gammar Gurton;"

"The sheets were as white as the fair skin of the hostess."

So also a thousand notable things:

"Take of white flour, half a pound.

Having thus proved the existence of the word, its application I leave to others.

PETER PANGLOSS.

I must still insist that masquarin is red, and that all my opponents on this important question are mistaken. They have not proved it to be of any other colour, which they doubtless would have done had they been able. As for Dubois's attempts at wit they are beneath the dignity of criticism.

DR. BOUNCE.

Why should this squib of criticism be so hot? He does not suppose that I had any wish to *smoke* him. I said that masquarin is blue, and shall look blue myself when this opinion is controverted.

DUBOIS.

Amidst contending critics it is hazardous to interfere, yet their quarrels may be amicably adjusted by a friendly moderator. The truth is that masquarin is not only white, red, and blue, but shews alternately all the colours of the rainbow. The learned and ingenious Dr. Collins, whose liberality and polite attention are so well known to all literary men, did me the honour of asking me to examine this passage over a bottle of the liquor it celebrates. Its flavor is not very dissimilar to that of noyau;

but such was its influence over the faculties, that we were almost immediately deprived of the power of discussing the subject, and resigned ourselves into the arms of Somnus.

DR. GOSSET.

I am sorry to differ from such a host of critics, and particularly from a gentleman of so much urbanity, learning, and acuteness, as Dr. Gossett ; but the truth is, that the worthy commentator has been imposed upon, and that there is no such liquor as masquarin in existence. What the author could mean by the introduction of such a word into his text, those who suppose the copy to be accurate, will find it difficult to conjecture. For my own part I am inclined to read *Muscadine*: a kind of sweet wine admirably adapted to delicate females. To suppose that Miss Green would drink any thing stronger, is ridiculous, and we cannot but admire the delicacy of the author, who thus, by the mention of the liquor over which they *hob-a-nobbed*, precluded the formation of any unpleasant suspicions as to the sobriety of his heroine.

MR. LITCHFIELD.

Had these "learned and ingenious" critics condescended to read the text of their author before they began to comment upon it, they would have discovered that the liquor thus *hob-a-nobbed* was not *masquarin*, but *marasquin*!

GIFFORD.

MR. LEWIS GOLDSMITH.

It is the usual character of apostacy, that it mistakes notoriety for reputation ; and that the boldness with which it obtrudes itself on the public notice, is in proportion to its motives of concealment. We have lately been insulted by the writings of a deserter from the enemy, who unconscious of his own disgrace, and without the sagacity to discover that his attempts at political satire tend only to convert suspicion into abhorrence, continues

from day to day to proclaim at once his incapacity and his infamy. We have no hesitation in saying that we equally despise the talents, and abominate the principles of General Sarrazin. Other men have fled from the power of a tyrant, but Sarrazin is the first, who, not content to have escaped from danger by an equivocal flight, employs his hours of banishment in shameless and vulgar tirades against the monarch, to whom he had sworn allegiance, and of whose crimes he had remained a passive instrument, as long as his subservience was acceptable. When the usual appeal to arms is impossible, silent resentment alone becomes the character of the injured soldier. The general has produced no evidence to substantiate the explanation of his conduct, that he thought proper to publish on his arrival in England; we are not in possession of any facts that authorise us to regard him in a different point of view from other *deserters*: we only know that he *was* in the service of France, and that since his arrival in this country, he has been employed in the publication of the most senseless and vulgar ribaldry against his former master. Now supposing that an English general were to run off to France, and commence a series of attacks in the *Moniteur* on our public measures, and our national character; in what terms of execration should we express our abhorrence of his infamy? No extent of injury would be considered as palliating his libels on his native country, and his legitimate sovereign. It would be justly observed, even admitting him to have been the victim of powerful injustice, that the soldier and the man of honour would endure his personal wrongs in silent grief, rather than insult his sovereign and vilify his country: that desertion, under any circumstances, must be accompanied, in a well regulated mind, by a sense of humiliation that withholds it from obtruding on the public notice. If General Sarrazin's story be false, he is not only a deserter but a traitor; if it be true, though he may have been justified in escaping from the vengeance of his master, his pub-

lications demonstrate that he has sacrificed every noble sentiment to the impulse of revenge, that he glories in proclaiming his insensibility to the feelings of a soldier, and to all the principles by which honorable minds are enabled to bear injuries with silence, and to suppress their personal complaints, rather than violate the honor of their profession.

But if we regard the conduct of a French deserter with feelings so unfavorable, it is not probable that we feel more leniently disposed to an English apostate. In our last number we treated the character of Mr. Goldsmith with a degree of tenderness, proportioned to the severity with which he had been held up to the execration of the public, by several contemporary journalists. We took compassion upon a man, apparently engaged in an unequal contest with nearly all the political writers of the day ; we had some hope that the general expression of public sentiment would have taught him how little the tone of his political *tirades* was congenial to the feelings of the English people ; and we therefore dismissed him with a casual hint at his former history, and an insinuation, that an appeal to his country would be more becoming in the mouth of a patriot than an apostate. So far, however, from feeling any gratitude for our forbearance, he has had the temerity to threaten us with a prosecution. While the evidence of our assertions is recorded in his own productions, he has the hardihood to rave about "insulted honor;" and while his pages are devoted to the circulation of calumnies too gross to be repeated, and falsehoods too evident to require the labour of refutation, he talks of appealing to the laws of his country, for a protection against what he denominates "*libellous scurrility*." If he had been acquainted with English literature, he would have known that a libeller can have no remedy for a libel against himself ; but it is not expected that the literary assassin of foreign potentates should have any other qualification for the management of a weekly journal than facility of subservience. To be acquainted with the laws

of his country, or with any other literature than the productions of John Bowles and Nicholas Byrne, is more than can be reasonably expected of a ministerial journalist.

Mr. Goldsmith is wonderfully indignant at being called a "*convicted spy*." In what, then, does espionage consist? or where is the distinction between the man who worms himself into the secrets of foreign cabinets, for the purpose of transmitting immediate intelligence of his discoveries, and him who obtains its confidence with the intention of betraying it, as soon as he can find a safe and convenient opportunity? The only difference that we can discover between a La Motte, who transmits to the government that employs him, whatever information he can obtain on the spur of the moment, and a Goldsmith, who filches by degrees a connected bundle of information, and sells it after effecting his escape from the scene of robbery, to the highest bidder; is in favor of the former. To act the part of a *common* spy, requires some degree of dexterity and enterprize: to become the proprietor of a *secret history*, is in the power of any one whose talents are too contemptible to excite suspicion, and whose deficiency of courage is supplied by a superabundance of patient cunning.

That our readers may form an accurate estimate of Mr. Goldsmith's pretensions to honesty and veracity, we shall relate the circumstances under which he procured, and was afterwards dismissed from the management of the *Argus*. A gentleman named Dutton, the author of the *Literary Census*, and several other popular productions, found it convenient, on the conclusion of the treaty of Amiens, to take a trip to Paris, where he established the *Argus*, under the patronage of Buonaparte. In a few months after this event, he was followed to the capital of France by Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, to whom it occurred that Mr. Dutton's situation was much more comfortable and respectable, than that of an English usher, or a renegado broker without practice. To ruin that person in the esteem of the French

government, was therefore the first object of his exertions. He procured from London a book entitled the *History of George the Third*, one of Dutton's early productions, which contained some severe strictures on Bonaparte and his ministers. This work Mr. Goldsmith presented to Talleyrand, who immediately dismissed Dutton, and finding that Goldsmith had no objection to abuse his legitimate sovereign, and vilify his native country, appointed him to the vacant situation. In a month or two, however, Dutton was enabled to bring forward such evidence of his successor's character, as induced the French government to withdraw their patronage from the author of the *Crimes of Cabinets*, and restore it to himself. Mr. Goldsmith, thus disgraced and suspected, was obliged to skulk about the streets of Paris, in all the raggedness of neglected treason, till at length he resolved to run the risk of *suspension* in his own country, rather than of starvation in France. On his arrival in England he was committed to Cold-bath-fields prison, from whence he was released through the intercession of Mr. Abraham Goldsmith, who introduced him to Mr. Perceval. Since that time he has been in the pay of ministers; and is of course the servile instrument of their wishes. We have no doubt that for an addition of half-a-guinea to his weekly salary, he would abuse the emperor of Austria as heartily as he now defames the emperor of France; and that if the treasury were to withdraw its patronage, he would become the most furious advocate of reform.

When the reader compares the preceding statement, to the truth of which there are a hundred living witnesses, with his positive assertion that he declined any connection with the *Argus*, as soon as he found that it was to be conducted under the superintendence of the French government, what confidence can he possibly place in his veracity? Independent indeed of any reference to facts, it is too evident to require much illustration, that no Englishman could expect to conduct a newspaper in the capital of France, that should contain a single word unsanc-

tioned by the government. Mr. Goldsmith cannot surely have the hardihood to assert, that he undertook the management of the *Argus*, as he might have undertaken the editorship of an English newspaper, with the intention of writing according to the dictates of his conscience. He must have known, before he accepted his appointment, that he would be expected to eulogize Napoleon, and vilify the government of England; and the same reasons therefore which, as he pretends, induced him to resign the situation, should have dissuaded him from accepting it.

What claims such an individual can advance to credit or respectability we are at a loss to conjecture—to us he appears in the character of an unprincipled poltroon. Let him make what professions he pleases, we will not forget that only a short while ago he was a servile instrument of the usurper to whom he now applies every opprobrious epithet, and whom he accuses of every crime of which human depravity is capable; that it was not till he had remained some time in the Cold-bath-fields prison that his conversion to loyalty was completed; that he is now the calumniator of individuals, to whom during his residence at Paris he displayed the most humiliating subservience; and that in his literary capacity he pursues with inveterate malignity the supporters of those principles, of which, not more than three years ago, he was the most enthusiastic advocate. And is it to be endured, that on the testimony of a character like this the literary partizans of the popular party, are to be stigmatized as the mercenary instruments of Bonaparte? Is the administration of justice so degraded, that a wretch like Lewis Goldsmith shall be permitted, on his personal authority, to denounce the most spirited of our patriotic writers, as traitors in the pay of France, while he himself appeals to the protection of the laws? Shall a man, who if he had not fled the country would have probably been sentenced to Newgate, or the pillory, come forward with impunity to stab the characters of men, whose principles he is unable to corrupt, and whose

reasonings he is unable to answer? Shall he endeavour to expiate his own treasons by accusing the opponents of the ministry of disaffection? There is scarcely an instance on record of such cowardly malice as that of Mr. Goldsmith. He does not boldly mention the names of the persons whom he accuses, and thus afford them a fair opportunity of reply; but knowing that there are only one or two papers decidedly hostile to the present system of English policy, and that to these alone the accusation of being in the pay of Bonaparte could by any possibility attach, he at once gratifies his malignity, and precludes the danger of refutation, by asserting that there are "*more than one*" of the London editors, who have "*cogent reasons for their opinions.*" If one of the individuals thus calumniated, were to notice Mr. Goldsmith's accusation, he would exultingly exclaim, in the language of every satirist, who without the courage to name, has had the malignity to calumniate,—"*let the self-convicted answer to the charge.*"*

But were the mode of advancing these accusations as unobjectionable as the charges themselves are serious, on what authority do they ultimately rest? We shall not deny that Mr. Goldsmith was likely to become acquainted with a circumstance of this kind if it existed; but what reason have we to confide in his veracity? The assertion is in itself improbable. If he knows the name of any individual who maintains a correspondence with Bonaparte, he must know through whose agency the wages of his iniquity are received. A pensioner on the treasury of Napoleon cannot obtain his annual salary without the intervention of an agent; and if Mr. Goldsmith's assertion be true, to what cause is it owing that he has not, by denouncing

* "Mr. Whitbread ought to know that there are newspapers here paid by the enemy of liberty, and that there are men, of whom he is little aware, professing the same opinions with himself, in daily correspondence with the Corsican; and therefore such doctrines coming from a man like him are highly dangerous to the interests of the country." &c. &c.

the suspected persons to the ministry, suspended their future intercourse with France, if he could not adduce sufficient evidence for their conviction? We believe, in short, that this story of the *editors in the pay of Bonaparte* is an infamous fabrication; originally hazarded for the purpose of attracting the public attention to Mr. Goldsmith's writings, and since repeated with a confidence proportioned to the credulity of his readers.

But his calumnies are not confined to the editors of newspapers. Every man, who is not an admirer of Mr. Perceval, or who has too much independence to join in the jacobinical cant about "social order, and our holy religion," is stigmatized by this loyal and virtuous pamphleteer as a traitor to his country. Speaking of the fast-day, he says, "*We are not at all surprized that the opposition aldermen and commoners did not attend divine service; could it be expected that they would pray for the destruction of Napoleon? We know for whose destruction they would pray.*" (Antigallican, March 24.) It is probable, that in the whole series of English political literature, there is not to be found a passage more infamous than this. It is surely time for the ministers to enquire whether they can obtain either credit or support from their patronage of a renegado scribbler, who has so little sense of truth and decency, as wantonly to accuse a large body of respectable men of praying for *the death of the king*. An advocate like Mr. Goldsmith can only disgust the neutral and exasperate the hostile. If any man in this country favors the views, or deserves the thanks of Napoleon, it is he, who by vile and vulgar falsehoods endeavours to foment the divisions of the people; who points out as an object of suspicion, every man whose politics do not coincide with those of the ministerial party; who insinuates into the minds of one half of the nation, that the other half are rogues and jacobins; and diffuses, by every infamous and cowardly artifice, the principles of discord and distrust. The most violent advocate of those opinions which were inculcated in the Crimes of Cabinets, could not answer his

reasonings he is unable to answer? Shall he endeavour to expiate his own treasons by accusing the opponents of the ministry of disaffection? There is scarcely an instance on record of such cowardly malice as that of Mr. Goldsmith. He does not boldly mention the names of the persons whom he accuses, and thus afford them a fair opportunity of reply; but knowing that there are only one or two papers decidedly hostile to the present system of English policy, and that to these alone the accusation of being in the pay of Bonaparte could by any possibility attach, he at once gratifies his malignity, and precludes the danger of refutation, by asserting that there are "*more than one*" of the London editors, who have "*cogent reasons for their opinions.*" If one of the individuals thus calumniated, were to notice Mr. Goldsmith's accusation, he would exultingly exclaim, in the language of every satirist, who without the courage to name, has had the malignity to calumniate,—"*let the self-convicted answer to the charge.*"*

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But his calumnies are not confined to the editors of newspapers. Every man, who is not an admirer of Mr. Perceval, or who has too much independence to join in the jacobinical cant about "social order, and our holy religion," is stigmatized by this loyal and virtuous pamphleteer as a traitor to his country. Speaking of the fast-day, he says, "*We are not at all surprized that the opposition aldermen and commoners did not attend divine service; could it be expected that they would pray for the destruction of Napoleon? We know for whose destruction they would pray.*" (Antigallican, March 24.) It is probable, that in the whole series of English political literature, there is not to be found a passage more infamous than this. It is surely time for the ministers to enquire whether they can obtain either credit or support from their patronage of a renegado scribbler, who has so little sense of truth and decency, as wantonly to accuse a large body of respectable men of praying for *the death of the king*. An advocate like Mr. Goldsmith can only disgust the neutral and exasperate the hostile. If any man in this country favors the views, or deserves the thanks of Napoleon, it is he, who by vile and vulgar falsehoods endeavours to foment the divisions of the people; who points out as an object of suspicion, every man whose politics do not coincide with those of the ministerial party; who insinuates into the minds of one half of the nation, that the other half are rogues and jacobins; and diffuses, by every infamous and cowardly artifice, the principles of discord and distrust. The most violent advocate of those opinions which were inculcated in the Crimes of Cabinets, could not answer his

purpose more effectually, than by persuading the people of England, that the majority of respectable men in the city of London offer up their daily prayers for the destruction of their sovereign.—Had a statement of this kind been made by one of the anti-ministerial journalists, he would probably have been visited with an *ex officio* information.

We would entreat Mr. Goldsmith to consider that the language of familiarity will never degrade the emperor of France to the level of an attorney's clerk, and that there is some distinction between scurrility and eloquence. Both the deserter and the apostate appear to imagine that there is something wonderfully impressive in addressing Buonaparte in a tone of admonitory condescension.—Dr. Parr never catechized one of his pupils at Harrow, in terms more tenderly authoritative than those employed by Sarrazin and Goldsmith. "So, Napoleon;" "*Yes, Napoleon!*" "I tell you, Napoleon!" and "do you believe, Napoleon?" are the forms of address in which these miserable scribblers approach the scourge of Europe and the ruler of the continent. Their epithets and phrases of abuse do equal credit to their taste and patriotism. But Napoleon will never be conquered even in the warfare of opinion by the weapons of scurrility. To hate him is the first duty of an Englishman; but the manly indignation of an honest heart does not vent itself in expressions of furious indecency; and there is more true patriotism displayed in a single effort to expose the dangers with which we are threatened by his power, than in compiling a thousand columns of Byrnian ribaldry. To fight our "*direful foe*" with the artillery of abuse, is an involuntary confession that we possess no other weapons of hostility. That Buonaparte may be an *arch-tyrant*, a *Corsican upstart*, and every thing else that is detestable, we readily admit: but why should that which is so well known, be so frequently and obtrusively repeated? Mr. Perceval himself has not yet thought proper to employ such appellations in his parliamentary speeches; and we can scarcely hope that argument is less necessary to encourage the patriotism of the people out of doors, than to influence their re-

representatives within. "It is not my wish," says Mr. Goldsmith, "to organize a band of *Chevaliers de Poignard*, but a band of writers and printers, who in a very short time may accomplish the tyrant's destruction." The people of the continent want to be roused and animated to exertion. If he or his patrons are of opinion that these objects are to be accomplished by calling him hard names, they have derived but little experience from the past, and are undeserving of confidence for the future. We are afraid, indeed, that the legitimate employment of the press would not be more successful than the other infallible methods of accomplishing "the tyrant's overthrow," which have been so frequently proposed by English philosophers. That Bonaparte is a "wretch," and that it is the interest of every nation to resist his progress, are truths that have long been acknowledged by other nations than the English; but power is not always synonymous with *will*: and even ascribing to the literary efforts of such genuine patriots as Mr. Goldsmith, the most miraculous effects, we are afraid that Europe may be subject to the iron sway of Napoleon, before the wonder-working volumes of the *Monitor* have obtained a dozen purchasers within the circumference of his dominions.

SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

MR. SCOURGE,

I HAVE heard much, from various quarters, of the troublesome society instituted for the "Suppression of Vice," but cannot find the utility of their endeavours. Your own strictures upon them, have had, however, a cathartic effect on the vendors of improper *publications*, and they have consulted together how to find bail upon prosecution. Notwithstanding which, the business goes on *as usual*, for they say the members of this pious society are so reasonable as to take bail, and settle an action, without the formality of a trial, for a note or two, at some months distance. If such are their proceedings, why not

publish them in their reports ; and not boast so much of having prosecuted butchers, barbers, green grocers, and porkmen, for selling their goods a little on the Lord's day ? And what, Mr. Scourge, becomes of the vast bulk of books they seize ? Why are they not publicly burnt at an *auto de fe*, to satisfy the public ? Most societies have annual dinners, when they report the state of their finances, and if *they be low*, advertise charity sermons ; but of these we hear nothing, save that a few transgressors have lately been added to their list, and that such as can pay, have been connived at for convenience.

The system of fining, though agreeable to law, is not much more moral or politic, than compounding felony. To what use are the receipts applied, and where go the volumes which are taken ? An action in trover, if brought, would recover such property, notwithstanding the alledged impropriety of publishing and vending, which it seems is denominated a felony ; therefore, any form of settlement, before trial, is—what I dare not mention. The venders of prints are more impudent than the booksellers, for these conceal, but the former exhibit for sale, in the most public manner, many *warm* things ; and if example has any influence over youth, why did our ancestors allow of such frontispieces to their first books, as those that accompany the earliest classics ? Lilly's Latin Grammar has the picture of boys robbing orchards, and concealing their thefts in their satchels ! Ovid's Art of Love has an abundance of perfectly fine Venusses, Cupids, and naked nymphs ; and many others too tedious to mention, as, Petronius, Juvenal, and all of the Latin school, who have written de Venere et amore, contain descriptions not unworthy of a Cleland.

If they have so much objection to the front of Mr. Crawford's house, near Sir F. Burdett's, why not pull it down ? for that gentleman has generously given leave to the society to do so, provided they rebuild it or restore it to its pristine state. Mr. Day also, of Gracechurch-street, will put up another black boy, if they will but pay the expences.

Yours,

JOHN COLVILLE GRANT.

THE REVIEWER.—No. V.

Adultery and Patriotism: a short Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. M. P. By an Elector of Westminster, and one of his Constituents. 1s. 6d. Chapple. 1811.

AMONG the catch-penny publications that have lately issued from the press, the performance before us is decidedly pre-eminent. It consists of twenty-three widely printed pages, containing not a single fact relating to its professed subject, and written in the most approved stile of frivolous declamation. The author's consistency is equal to his talent. He first informs Sir Francis that "he waits to hear a denial or confirmation of these reports to make up his mind;" and immediately adds, that he recollects with dread the warmth of attachment he felt for him; that "he laughs at his own DUPLICITY, (we suppose the unfortunate writer means CREDULITY) and that he hopes his conversion may influence his fellow countrymen." From the stile of the work we should suppose it to be the production of some under-clerk in a public office. "Well, Sir, (he exclaims;) with these various circumstances floating in my mind, loving you as I did for your virtues, my friends all at once began to talk very oddly about you. I heard them hint strange things—I saw them nod and wink whenever I spoke of your private character, till, at length, they broke out into open jokes against you—one of them asked me if you were to go *Scott* free—another enquired when you had entered at *Oxford*, and a third wished to know whether you had made any addition to the *Harleian Miscellany*. All these quibbles, though I found they were meant to be witty, I could not see the bearing of, as relating to you, till one of the gravest among my associates, angry at my resolute adherence to you and your cause, told me, that you, Sir Francis, the pure, immaculate patriot, the unstained moralist, the renowned Burdett, who held up his

unsullied hand against the immorality of the Duke of York—*Aye, you, Sir, that you, at this moment, have A CHILD LIVING, born of another MAN'S WIFE SINCE HER MARRIAGE AND YOUR'S!*"

The diffusion of this anecdote, whether true or false, has given rise to a thousand others, either utterly incredible, or so insignificant, that their propagation evinces only the miserable nature of the expedients to which the opponents of Sir Francis have recourse, in order to injure the cause, of which he is the champion, through the medium of his moral character. We have received innumerable epistles, exhorting us to "lay open the true character of this pretended advocate of national virtue," "to unmask the hypocrite," to "teach the people of England how easily they can be deluded by the artifices of faction," "to show the demagogue in his true colours to a misguided public," &c. &c. To insert *one* of these communications, however, as a specimen of the rest, will be sufficient for our purpose.

MR. EDITOR.

Now that the morality of Sir Francis Burdett has been brought before the public in a "tangible shape," it may not be amiss to let the public into the true character of that virtuous reformer, by announcing, through the means of your popular work, that Sir Francis has had OTHER AFFAIRS besides that with Lady Oxford on his hands. In the year 1806 a natural child* of his was at a school at Bromley, in Kent. You will make use of this as you think proper: it only remains for me to assure you of its truth, and that I am,

Sir,

Your constant reader, and a friend to
MORALITY.

That the cause of national liberty should be in any degree dependent on the character of Sir Francis Burdett, is exclusively owing to the indiscretion of his followers. They have intermingled their praises of his political deserts and his private virtues, with so little prudence or

* She was a girl about twelve or thirteen years of age at the period above mentioned.

moderation, that it is difficult to separate the consideration of his conduct as a husband, from the examination of his history as a patriot. Yet it was not conceived that the private profligacy of Wilkes in any degree weakened the cause of which he was the champion; nor were the dissipated habits of Mr. Fox adduced as evidence of his political dishonesty. The individual who combines the public and private virtues is a just object of national veneration; but it is not true that the possession of the one is an argument, favorable or unfavorable, to his possession of the other.

Of the accusations brought against Sir Francis by the friends of Mr. Scott, it should be remembered that the truth is denied. The agency of time will yet be required to demonstrate that Sir Francis, even as a husband and a father, is unworthy of that affectionate regard with which he has been hitherto beheld by the lower classes of society. Supposing the statement of our correspondent to be true, the indiscretions of youth can only be remembered by those who have other motives for endeavouring to depreciate his character, than the love of truth, or of their country. In what situation would our senators be placed, if their individual or political characters were to be estimated by the history of their adolescent follies? Were every father of an illegitimate child to be considered as an object of public censure, what limit could be assigned to the prevalence of slander? Sir Francis himself holds out no hypocritical professions of immaculate virtue. His habits are regular, because his principles are correct, and his feelings domestic. He does not pretend that he is proof against the blandishments of temptation or opportunity; but while he confesses the errors of youth and inexperience, he may still lay claim to the highest excellence of character, as a husband, a father, and a friend.

The attacks on Sir Francis are, indeed, only worthy of attention on account of the sources from which they proceed. *To revenge the satires of the popular party on the public conduct of the antijacobins, the partizans of the latter*

have adopted a regular system of attack on the private characters of the former. Instead of attempting to disprove the assertions, or confute the arguments of an independent advocate of reform, they have recourse to the more easy task of slandering his personal character, and vilifying his domestic connections. When Mr. Waithman has distinguished himself by an eloquent speech on the principles of reform, they reply to his charges by calling him a smuggler; instead of answering Cobbett, they rake from their repositories the minutes of the court-martial; to prove the innocence of the Duke of York, they assure us that Col. Wardle is guilty of adultery; and to shew how truly the people are represented by the house of commons, they take care to remind us that poor *Gaol* Jones is a bankrupt apothecary. The experience of every day evinces, that the public virtue of an individual is in a very slight degree dependant on his private goodness: the stimulus of ambition absorbs, in the generality of public men, all those groveling passions and propensities which deform their characters, and vitiate their habits, in the stillness of domestic privacy. But if the advocates of reform were to pursue the system of the courtiers; if they were to have recourse to observations on the *private* characters of exalted men; and endeavoured to prove that the partizans of "corruption" were as profligate in domestic as in public life; and if, instead of supporting their cause by historical facts and legitimate arguments, they believed it sufficient for their purpose to trace the secret history of the most notorious characters who move within the orbit of ministerial influence, in how wide a field of calumnious observation would they not have room to expatiate! As a counterpart to the ministerial portrait of a Finnerty, they might delineate the features of the weak and malignant * * * * *; the man who after recommending himself to the favor of the English ministry, by the ingenuity of his cruelties, was rewarded for the servility of his subservience to its will, by pensions and sinecures to the amount of twelve

thousand a year. They might describe the matchless impudence of a man, who, after sacrificing, by his weakness and negligence, the lives of ten thousand Englishmen, could yet appeal to a court of justice for the punishment of an individual, who had accused him of a *single murder*. In opposition to Cobbett, they might place the wretched * * * * *, a man who first arrived at distinction by cultivating the favor of the people, and by appearing as the legal advocate of men, who had been guilty of no other crime than a too ardent attachment to their country; but who, after attaining one of the highest situations in the law, became the determined oppressor of that liberty, of which he had once avowed himself the champion; and now devotes his days and nights to the persecution of every thing that bears the semblance of freedom. His deep and darkling malignity might boldly be contrasted with the darkest passions that ever swelled the bosom of a republican. With this pair of portraits, we imagine, the advocates of ministers and the lovers of private calumny would be perfectly satisfied; and let them not, by a foolish perseverance in that system, of which the pamphlet before us is the offspring, provoke us to finish at *full length* the sketches we have traced.

MEDICAL CORPORATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM much surprised that any objections should be brought forward to the reappointment of the commander in chief. The body politic, and the body corporate, are very similar. Now the bodies corporate, by which you will comprehend I mean the London medical colleges, go on so well, under similar reappointments that I might quote their examples as proofs of what we may expect from our present commander in chief.

The College of Physicians, for instance, have re-elected

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The College of Physicians, for instance, have re-elected

their president, although he was dismissed from his military employment for ignorance of camp and contagious diseases ; but then his knowledge of principles, his skill in the culinary art, his choice in wines, and his willingness to devote his leisure to the various and complicated committees, which the blunders and business of that college require, render him the most proper person they could have chosen for their present purposes. Whom could they have procured to sign his name to such a cow-pox report as the last, but the individual alluded to ? It was, indeed, a little unlucky that at the moment the director had directed the board to swear that no well confirmed case had shaken their faith in the attestations signed and advertised by the illuminati of medicine, anno 1800 ; it was, I say, unfortunate that the Grosvenor case should appear to contradict their assertion ; but, some how or other, the vote had passed for board wages another year, and that was all they wanted. One other year they knew would detect all their prevarication, change their president, and put a finish to cow-pox hypocrisy.

The College of Surgeons afford another instance that conviction and mal-practice are no obstacles to reward. Their secretary, following the example of his predecessor, regularly imposed on them in their accounts every year. They were at first a *city* company when he was elected their clerk, and should have known the rule of three ; but eating and drinking succeeded to the fatigue of their general courts, and they forgot, in their cups, the exactness of their accounts. A *special* attorney knew how to make his advantage of these neglects, and acted accordingly. Mr. Gunning saw through their dulness and insobriety, and framed a letter to them on their neglects, which will ever remain a proof of his merits, and their irregularity. At length they re-elected a master, whose conduct, while he officiated as a governor, ought to have excluded him from any corporation, of which the members had a title to call themselves gentlemen.

Governor Wall was executed for a murder, and condemned to be dissected publicly, which by law implies, that he

was refused the benefit of clergy. By a law of the company, such malefactors are a *bonus* to the senior governor: he was executed; but a bargain was made by his friends to purchase the body for fifty pounds, and it was sold accordingly. This bargain and sale was promulgated; the court of examiners *examined* it, found it a true bill, and fined the delinquent the fifty pounds, which he declared was intended for charitable purposes, and therefore it was applied by the court to said charitable purpose. But the *Jew* was *credited*, and not expelled from the virtuous court,—*Credat Judæus non ego*. He was reinstated, a second time, in his high office of master, and the second time he was chosen lord mayor of his college, he found out the trick. “Set a thief to catch a thief” says the proverb.

The secretary was impeached, tried and convicted, as regularly as if he had been before the house of commons; he wrote a letter of beg pardon and contrition, and desired to be allowed to resign, rather than wait to be turned out: his letter was too humble, and was set aside, while a better letter was penned by the first lord of their treasury, and presented to the high court. A compromise for felony having been agreed upon, he was suffered to resign, when the law for breach of trust would have transported him; and his son, a young man, the articulated clerk to an attorney, and not out of his time, was almost unanimously elected to succeed his father as secretary to this extravagant college. By a special law, enacted by a dissenting committee, to prevent any clergymen of the church of England from being a candidate, a worthy clergyman was set aside, and the office, thus disgraced, was filled by the son of the delinquent.

Thus, Sir, you find we have examples, among the wisest bodies, for the forgiveness of sins, which is so strongly recommended to us in our church-service. I say the wisest of corporations; because, on the wisdom of these two colleges, the life and death of the highest and lowest orders of beings depend; from the king, on the throne, to the wretched invalid at Walcheren; from Dr. Darling Willis, down to Dr. Cobwebbo Borlando.

So, that as in desperate cases, we are obliged to rely on the physician we condemned for his supposed mistakes on a former occasion, let us hope, in the present case, that his R. H. may profit by his former errors ; and if he is not persuaded to replace Mr. Knight, and Don Cobwebbo, his secretary, on the army medical board, let us conclude, he may not do a great deal of mischief.

W.

TREASON DETECTED!!!

OR, A

New Job for the Attorney General.

SIR,

It has been greatly the practice of writers, wishing to vilify government to do so under the form of allegory, of which you must have observed innumerable instances, particularly since the period of the French revolution. Many of these display ability, but at the same time are in general so plain that they cannot be looked on as a disguise, but merely as vehicles for certain sentiments. I have lately seen, however, an article of this sort, the seeming obscurity of which makes it more dangerous than the common class of such performances. It is under the form of a Scotch song, entitled *Donald and Maggy Macraw* ; and on its object and insidious tendency, I shall beg leave to make a few remarks. It begins thus:

" 'Twas a wearyfu' wark,
That befel i' the dark,
'Tween Maggy and Donald Macraw, man ;
On the night o' that day,
When married were they,
To prevent what might else been a flaw, man :
For in bed baith thegither,
The tane o'er the tether,
The fleas they came up in a raw, man :
An' he claw'd, and she claw'd,
An' she claw'd, an' he claw'd,
They claw'd one another, an' a', man.

Now, to any person who will not shut his eyes, it must appear that by Donald and Maggy Macraw are meant England and Ireland, as clearly as if they had been called John and Paddy Bull, and time laid for the scene as the plainly alludes to the period of the union, when the two kingdoms were married or united to prevent defects or flaws. It is represented as a weary fu' wark, done in the dark, on account of the secret machinations and dark means by which it is here alledged to have been accomplished. The fleas, which are next introduced, apply to the placemen and pensioners, who are thus represented as a host of bloodsuckers. All this will appear still more evidently as we proceed :

“ The king o' the fleas,
He march'd up through the cleas,
An' thousands a hint him did draw, man :
Baith hungry an' lean,
Skip it after the king,
But he was the hungried o' a', man ;
So there they began,
On the wife an' the man,
Without either reason or law, man :
An' he claw'd, &c.

Here the libeller audaciously comes forward, and without almost a subterfuge, levels this envenomed attack on our most gracious sovereign himself. It is well known what outcries have been industriously and falsely raised by jacobins respecting the supposed cupidity and avarice of his sacred majesty ; and he is here represented as even more greedy than any of his courtiers. The fleas are next stated as attacking both the wife and the man, without reason or law, which alludes to the pensions on the Irish establishment as well as those of Great Britain, and particularly to the sums of money given privately away from both countries to promote the union.

“ The king made a jump,
On the great Macraw's rump,
Where he had nae business ava, man ;
But risin' his sting,
Macraw gae a fling,
An' o'er the bed Maggy did fa' man,

She drave o'er a loom,
 By my soul 'twas na toom,
 An' fairly brake it in twa, man,
 Then she claw'd, &c.

What can be clearer, than that, by the first part of this verse, the libeller intends that the king made an attack on the privileges of parliament, in allusion to the common cant of the discontented who are out of place, that the influence of the crown is increasing, &c.? The word *rump* is most artfully introduced, as if the present parliament were similar to the famous one in the days of rebellion, known by that name. Macraw too is designated by the epithet *great*, more pointedly to indicate Great Britain. In the following part of the stanza, it is evidently meant that England gave such a stab to Ireland as to throw her quite on her back. The concluding lines form a masterpiece of deception and artful insinuation. Ireland has already been seen as having lost her balance; now mark the consequence, and the manner in which it is introduced by the rhymster. By a *loom* is apparently meant a *pot de chambre*, but it really means a weaver's loom, and thus to express that the linen manufactory, the staple commodity of Ireland, in a high state of prosperity previously to the union, was totally destroyed by that measure. This is clenched by the next stave.

Sair Maggy did wail,
 And kept wringin' her tail,
 An' thousands were drown'd i' th' ja', man,
 While they wha got out,
 Were put to the rout,
 By Maggy and Donald Macraw, man.
 An' fu' blythe to get hame,
 Without countin' their slain,
 Or helpin' their cripples awa', man,
 For he claw'd, &c.

Is it not as plain as a pike-staff that the phrase of "wringing her tail" alludes to the Irish linen manufactory, for the loss of which the groans of Maggy were so loud?

Hitherto the author has kept in a regular train, and carried through the allegory in a continued manner. He however here takes advantage of the licence of this mode of writing, at once, and without ceremony, to deviate from the path. Accordingly the thousands that were drown'd i' the ja', mean the number drowned in the bogs during the Irish rebellion; while the rest were put to the rout by Maggy and Donald Macraw, that is, by the Irish and English regiments sent to quell the rebellion.

Now, Sir, having incontestably shewn the libellous and seditious tendency of this song, I trust that its author will be prosecuted by the attorney general or lord advocate, according as he may be found in England or Scotland; and in the mean time that a reward should be advertised for his apprehension and conviction by his majesty's proclamation.

It only remains to add, that if there could be any doubt of the evil intention of the publication in question, it would be entirely removed by attending to the treasonable air to which it is written, and which has in all loyal times been held the strongest evidence of the construction of the words. Thus, in the time of the French revolution, several itinerant organists were apprehended for grinding the Marseilles Hymn and Ca ira; and it is well known, that at Edinburgh, in 1745, a black-bird was imprisoned for whistling the jacobite tune of "The king shall enjoy his ain again." It is true, that in this last case the offender was guilty of the additional crime of whistling on the Lord's day; but although this might be an aggravation, yet there is little doubt that had it been perpetrated any other day, the punishment would have been equally severe. Does not the very tune of "God save the king" inspire loyalty? and will not treasonable and seditious tunes in like manner tend to a contrary consequence? Wishing you, sir, all success in your new undertaking,

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

July 10th, 1811.

CAUSIDICUS.

AN ORNAMENT OF THE WHIPS.

CAPT. ——— is the son of a glover at Mary-port, and was apprenticed at an early age to the barber-surgeon of that ancient town, under whose auspices he soon became a most expert manufacturer of wigs, and a decent practitioner of phlebotomy. On the decease of his master he succeeded to his various callings, and continued for some years to mow his customers' beards, and open their veins, with great credit to himself, and advantage to the place of his nativity. At the Queen's Head, however, the house of resort to all the gentle tradesmen of Mary-port, he was transfixed by the piercing glances of his fair hostess, a buxom dame of forty-five, whose eyes were as sparkling as her ale, and her passions much stronger than her cordials. On a sultry evening in the dog-days she was seized with a violent indisposition: her husband and family were equally amazed and alarmed;—Mr. ——— was called in to exercise his skill in phlebotomy--and after fourteen ounces of blood had been privately taken from the arm, she displayed some indications of recovery. That Mr. ——— should occasionally call upon his patient to enquire into the success of his operation, and to look after his bandages, was natural and proper—a morning conversation of half an hour could not be refused to a barber surgeon, and Mrs. B.'s indisposition might have conveniently continued to the year 1811, had not fate decreed that on one unfortunate morning, A. D. 1792, her husband should abruptly enter her apartment, and discover, to his utter consternation, that the *barber surgeon* had undertaken the duties of a lawful *physician*. Mrs. B. fell into hysterics; the cornuto, instead of proceeding to immediate vengeance, very coolly locked the door of his apartment, and went down stairs in search of a witness to his dishonour; and our hero, regardless of his inamorata's hysterics, and afraid of being forced into some unpleasant confession, contrived, at the hazard of his neck, to

make his escape through the window. He was not much encumbered with property. Three lancets, a bason, a wig block, and a rusty razor, comprised an exact inventory of his stock; these he left to the mercy of his landlord, and trudged it, with a light foot and heavy heart, to the village of Stanwix near Carlisle, with the curate of which place (the Rev. Mr. Farrar) his sister lived in a menial capacity. From her he obtained a few pounds, the savings of many years of industry, and impelled by that ambition which is always the characteristic of great and noble minds, he at once engaged an outside place to London. His companion on the top was a turnkey of the Fleet prison, who had been down to Carlisle in pursuit of a fugitive ruler. To him he related his distresses, and declared his poverty. On condition of a *douceur*, the turnkey promised to recommend him to the service of Captain —, a gentleman immured within the walls of the prison. A few days after our hero's arrival he was accordingly introduced to the captain, *with a character from his last place*, and his physiognomy not being *at that time* remarkably unprepossessing, he was immediately engaged.

His master was a principal partner in one of the money-lending concerns at the west end of the town, and had been sent to prison by a nobleman whose acceptances he had fraudulently obtained. Our hero was occasionally employed to sign, or witness papers; and displayed so much talent for business that the captain promoted him to the situation of his confidential clerk. In this capacity he soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of the mysteries of money-lending, and his master was so well satisfied with his industry and abilities, that on being liberated he appointed him manager of a bank in East-street, Manchester-square, with a salary of 150*l.* a year.

To become a gentleman was now the great object of Mr. B.'s ambition. He felt the disadvantages of an awkward address, even in the usual intercourse of life, and to raise his fortune by a matrimonial *coup de main*, was his favo-

rite subject of speculation. A celebrated lecturer was therefore engaged to mend his *cacology*; a teacher of the graces, who now resides in the neighbourhood of Golden-square, gave him private lessons in dancing, and with the aid of Mons. Hamel, he contrived in less than six months to conjugate the verb *etre*, without committing more than a dozen blunders! Having thus prepared for his *debut* on the stage of life, he began his operations by frequenting the gambling houses in Albemarle-street. "Here (to use the words of a correspondent) he practiced all the tricks that he had learned in his late residence, and in the course of three or four months became one of the most expert and successful blacklegs within half a mile of St. James's. By the success of his *hazardous* enterprizes he was soon enabled to set up as a money-lender on his own account." He hired an elegant house in Portland-road, assumed the airs, and supported the establishment of a man of consequence, attended all public places, and claimed alliance with some of the most respectable families of the kingdom. Through the intervention of a gentleman who had lost to him about two thousand pounds, without the power of immediate payment, he was introduced into the family of a Mr. Prendergrast, and ingratiated himself so far into the good graces of Miss Prendergrast, and her parents, that he was readily admitted to visit the young lady as a suitor. On one unfortunate evening, however, he invited her brother and a few common friends to sup with him at the Hummums.—B. was in high spirits, and as the evening wore away his fancy teemed with images of greatness, and he entered into a long and entertaining history of his family; beginning with the history of Sir M—— Lacy Burleigh L———, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, from whom he deduced his genealogy, and concluding with an account of his own life, from his entrance at Trinity College, Dublin, to his taking possession of the L—— estate at Windsor. He had scarcely finished his narration, when a gentleman who had been listening to his discourse, and with whose attention he had been

highly flattered, exclaimed, in a tone of mingled sarcasm and indignation, "Pray, Mr. Billy, how long have you been liberated from the Fleet? I hope your master is well." Billy at first affected not to understand him; but on his companions requesting the stranger to explain himself, he thought proper to skulk off, leaving the gentleman in amazement at his impudence, and congratulating themselves on so providential a discovery.

We have already (No. I.) detailed the circumstances of his connection with Jew King, and prudential motives prevent us from minutely repeating the history of the Portland Place bank. Suffice it to say that in this transaction, and in many others of a similar nature, our hero has been a principal agent. The dexterity of artifice, by which he contrived to have his pretensions to family and fortune indirectly sanctioned by the secretary of state, is still in the recollection of our readers. If we are not misinformed, he was the chief conductor of a fraudulent concern established at Liverpool and Newcastle upon Tyne, under the firm of the Uion Bank. As a money-lender, and dealer in bills, his transactions have been numerous, and his success conspicuous. His practices are not very different from those of which Sedley was convicted; and many of our nobility, whose titles are more ancient than their estates are productive, have sufficient reason to remember him.

The failure of King's speculations, and the discoveries subsequent to that event, rendered it necessary for Mr. — to take up a temporary residence in the Isle of Man. His creditors were at length wearied into a compromise, and about four years ago he returned to the metropolis. In what manner he has since existed, we have no certain information, though it is not very difficult to conjecture. Having heard nothing of him at his several places of resort, we began to hope that he had met with the just reward of his exploits, and was far removed from the possibility of future depredation; and the reader who has traced him through all his varieties of fortune, may judge of our astonishment, when on entering the dining

room of the Four-in-hand club at Salt-hill on the 2d of May, we beheld the hero of Portland-place, the servant of Jew King, and the man with many names, in close conversation with the president. Nor was our surprize abated, when on making some very natural inquiries we discovered that he had been for some time a *member of the club*, under the style and title of Capt. —. Whether the other members of the club are aware of his identity, or believe him to be a man of family and fortune, is of little consequence—if the former be the case it is evident that any man however mean his rank, or however infamous his character, may obtain the honor of becoming their associate ; and if the latter, it is then too plain that enquiry into the birth, or connections, or pursuits of any member, is not a necessary preliminary to his admission. We leave them to choose which of the alternatives they may think convenient, and shall dismiss the subject, with congratulating the nation on this *new* proof of the virtue and dignity of men, who may hereafter be called to the most important duties, and the highest honors, of the state.

ON THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,

It is not among the least singular phenomena in the history of the present reign, that the fine arts have been uniformly encouraged at the expence of literature. While the professors of painting have been honoured with the most frequent and munificent testimonies of royal patronage, the grant of a despicable pension to one or two individuals, in return for their political services, is the only favour for which literature has been called upon to testify her gratitude. Even in the popular estimation, the poet or the historian bears no comparison, in his individual capacity, with the artist. A West is regarded as quite a dif-

ferent being from an author by profession; and while the one is left to struggle through life unbefriended, and unknown, except by his productions; the other is admitted to the tables of the great, and is rather courted than permitted, to assume his natural station in society.

It will not be pretended, that to excel as a painter, is more difficult than to succeed in the paths of literature. The professors of the arts have always been less numerous, than the cultivators of learning; yet there have been more examples of excellence in painting, than will probably ever be exhibited in the paths of poetry and history. Were the same combination of talents equally requisite to the formation of a Raphael and a Milton, the successful rivals of the former would be as rare, as the successful cultivators of epic poesy. This circumstance alone is decisive of the comparative talent required in the two pursuits, independent of any metaphysical reasoning. When we consider, indeed, how much of the time of the painter must be directed to the mechanical knowledge of his profession, to the composition of colours, the effect of light and shade, the anatomy of the human figure, and the rules of architecture; and how much his success is dependent on, if it does not absolutely consist in, his successful application to these particulars; it will be almost useless to point out, how trivial a portion of his life can be devoted to intellectual effort, even supposing his productions to be as numerous as those of a Scott, or a Johnson. He who compares the collective number and excellence of the ideas expressed, even in Mr. West's picture of Christ Healing the Sick, with the various and sublime conceptions that may be found in almost every ten lines of the first six books of *Paradise Lost*, will be little disposed to grant to the professors of painting that superiority of intellectual excellence, which they so proudly claim. But independent of the talents that are required to excel in the profession, the principal object of my present letter is to impress on the mind of the great and the wealthy, that the fine arts are neither of the

same utility, neither so conducive to refinement, nor so honorable to the character of a great nation, as literature. The statues of Greece have excited the wonder of the favored few, whom local circumstances have enabled to approach them ; but it is to her literature that she is chiefly indebted for the remembrance of her ancient glory, and the immortality of her statesmen and her heroes. Her sculpture is indebted for much of its beauty and sublimity to the light of history. The statue of Hercules might have been admired, as an exquisite example of imitative art ; but with what comparative coldness of sentiment should we have viewed its proportions, had not the songs of the Grecian poets, and the eulogies of her historians given identity and greatness to his character ! The impression made by a statue cannot be compared with that of a poetical passage. The most beautiful production of sculpture will after repeated examination be viewed without any emotion of delight ; but the beauties of poesy strike with greater force on every fresh perusal. After every recurrence to *them*, they strike us with some new and unexpected excellence. The diffusion of literature is uncircumscribed, but painting and sculpture can only be enjoyed by the favorite few. A painting of Raphael produces no extensive effect on the thoughts, the habits, or the manners of the world ; but the productions of a Shakspeare have equal access to the palace or the cottage : and while they administer to the refined gratification of the man of taste, they exalt the ideas, and improve the understanding of the tradesman and the peasant.

But it is not expected that literature should supersede the arts in the patronage of the great ; it is only demanded that she should share their honors, and partake of their emoluments. Some men, indeed, have attempted to prove that the circumstances which enhance the utility of literature, at the same time secure it an adequate reward. But though the circulation of the works of the able and the learned be extensive, that circulation is not dependant on merit, and is seldom productive of advantage to the

man of letters. The booksellers are the principal gainers by the public encouragement: the great body of authors see all their emoluments swallowed up, all their efforts discouraged, and all their endeavours confined by the dealers and chapmen of Paternoster-row. It is useless to say that this ought not to be the case—it cannot be expected that the booksellers should act otherwise than they do; and the evil will continue, until literature share the patronage that is now bestowed on the arts, and its professors be raised above dependence on their publishers. It is a disgrace to the nation, that in this great metropolis, the only society established with favourable intentions towards literature, is solely devoted to the relief of those members who can prove themselves to be in a state of starvation. They forget that it is better to prevent distress, than to relieve it; that in order to encourage a profession, it is necessary to reward the excellence, as well as to assist the misfortunes of its members. The great discouragement to a literary profession is not the possibility of distress, but the impossibility of obtaining independence. The man of letters has no hope, like the member of every other profession, of concluding a meridian of labour, with an old age of competence; but is doomed to pursue a career, at the close of which he finds himself as dependent, as poor, and as undistinguished in society, as at its outset. The purer his taste, and the higher his attainments, the more inadequate and uncertain must be his reward: encouragement is in an inverse ratio to the independence of his character, and the excellence of his writings; and the pamphleteer obtains some portion at least of that emolument, which never rewards the labours of the real poet, or the legitimate philosopher.

On a few late occasions, indeed, considerable sums have been received for copyright, but they have always been obtained either under circumstances of a very peculiar nature, or by persons independent of literary labour. *Four thousand five hundred pounds*, was indeed given for the his-

tory of James the Second ; but that work was the posthumous work of Mr. Fox. A thousand pounds was the price of *Marmion* ; but Mr. Scott is independent of the booksellers. Had *Marmion* been the production of a needy author, the booksellers, aware that he *must* have money, would have taken a very natural advantage of his necessities, and would, in all probability, have obtained the copyright for fifty pounds.

The productions most honorable and useful to a great nation, must be the result of patient research, and laborious composition. But a dependant on the booksellers must write, not as he would wish to do, but as he is compelled by his necessities. In his case, excellence must be sacrificed to rapidity ; and his great object is necessarily to replenish his own pockets, without regarding the improvement of his readers. From the neglect of literature, therefore, by the higher classes, results its depravation. To make a book is the first business of a professional author, and to sell it is the great object of the booksellers.

Yours, truly,

P. L.

SUBJECTS FOR POETRY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

SIR,

AMONG other indications of modern perfectibility, the improved state of our poetry does not appear to me the least important or conclusive. Our most popular bards have evinced a noble superiority to all those laws of composition, without a due observance of which the ancient writers would have despaired of pleasing their contemporaries, or deserving the admiration of posterity. Simplicity and elegance, in particular, are now universally dispensed with ; to *astonish* is the great object of every modern poet ; and the *sublime and beautiful* are deserted for the *singular*.

I am astonished therefore that an institution has not been established for the cultivation and encouragement of the new and improved school of poetry. With Mr. Southey for our chairman, and Messrs. Wordsworth and his companions for directors, it might be hoped that its canons would be determined beyond the probability of dispute, and its excellences exemplified by the publication of some work, in which all the peculiarities of every distinguished associate would be concentrated and combined.

But as a society of this kind cannot be established without the support of the public; and as the results that may be expected from its formation are not sufficiently appreciated by that portion of the literary world, which has not access to the reading-room at Hatchard's, or to the book societies of Sir Richard Phillips, I shall endeavour in a future communication to illustrate, by a few trifles of my own composition, the nature and importance of these advantages. They are written according to the most approved models of the day, and after a very careful study of those three great masters, Southey, Scott, and Campbell. That they can bear any comparison with the productions of these great originals, I cannot so far flatter myself as to hope; but that they are in every respect superior to the antiquated compositions of a Milton, a Pope, or a Goldsmith, I may confidently assure you. In the mean time, however, as the gentleman whom I have mentioned must find some difficulty, after travelling from the Tweed to the Ganges, in the selection of a proper scene of war-like or amatory action, permit me to lay before you the following epistolary description of a newly discovered country, which appears to be sufficiently fertile in every poetical requisite. Of my correspondent I shall say nothing; but leaving you to admire the various beauties of his style and manner,

I remain, Sir,

Yours, devotedly,

SYLVESTER SCRIBBLE.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Land of Promise, July 1st.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a long voyage on the sea of politics, I have been wafted, under the propitious protection of the deity who governs this island, into a haven perfectly secure from the storms of life; and having had sufficient leisure and opportunity to examine the geography of the country, and the manners of its inhabitants, as well as to gain some knowledge of its history, you may depend on the accuracy, however much you may wonder at the strangeness, of my details. I have no doubt, indeed, that the more you become acquainted with the various beauties and advantages of this charming place, the greater will be your desire to enter it.

Of the geographical position, and political connexions of the country, I shall only relate such particulars as appear to be more interesting than abstruse. The Land of Promise is so situated to command the whole country of Deglana, which is in fact totally dependent on its power; and from which it derives all its supplies. It is much celebrated for its loaves and fishes, and so much excels the far-famed Otaheite in fertility of soil, and the beauties of nature, that the loaves grow ready baked, and the fishes ready fried. Its inhabitants are the principal people of Deglana, among whom there is a mighty struggle for the possession of this terrestrial paradise. Not that their contentions are very bloody or destructive, for that party which has the greatest strength of lungs, and the greatest volubility of speech is almost sure of victory. By these qualifications the friends of the present inhabitants of the place have retained possession, with only a momentary interval, for nearly thirty years, and are likely to continue as long as I shall be resident among them. Of the majority, it must be confessed that they are a very

lazy, profligate, mercenary set. Some of them receive, from the people of Deglana, enormous revenues, which they pretend to have earned by picking their teeth, and paring their nails for two hours in the day, in one of the public temples. The principal personages, however, what with their regular business, and their continual attendance at the cock-pit, where there is a regular game at a war of lungs, and at which he who has the loudest voice, and the longest breath, is sure to be triumphant, lead a very perplexing and laborious life. It is the duty of one of these, whose name is Perzee Valha, to provide funds for the payment of the revenues of all the other inhabitants. With him also rests the distribution of the loaves and fishes; and as the people of the Land of Promise are extremely voracious, the poor gentleman has no small trouble in satisfying the hunger of the majority. The supply of the country is in some degree limited; and as some men of great weight and strength run away with more than their share, it is piteous to behold the supplications of the unfortunate wretches who remain in expectancy of the next supply. Many of these miserable beings have I seen kissing the skirts, and praying to the shoe-tye of Perzee Valha, who out of pure compassion to their wretched situation, or through fear of their becoming desperate in case of a prompt dismissal, soothed them with promises, and disengaged himself *pro tempore* by an encouraging smile. You can scarcely have any conception in *your* northern regions of the gluttony and rapacity of some individuals among us. One fat porpoise of a fellow, who along with his companions, had obtained possession of the island, contrived, in about a year, not only to fatten himself till he was ready to burst, but to take away with him loaves and fishes to the value of more than three hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of which he consumes about sixteen thousand pounds worth annually. By the bye, the loaves and fishes of this country, unlike those of my native land, are much improved by age, and are by no means more offensive

after they have been kept in the family for a century or two, than they were at their first creation. It is no uncommon thing indeed to settle a cargo of these articles on a whole generation.

‘ The religion of these people is more singular in practice, than exact in theory. They profess to worship a god whom they call Jor-joh, who they say is the creator of the loaves and fishes, and the original dispenser of all the blessings they enjoy ; but from all that I could observe, their devotion is in reality paid to *Perzee Valha*. Their Bible I observed is a little red book, containing scarcely any thing more than a history of the good things that have been or may be obtained from Jor-joh. I soon found, however, that these good things were seldom retained or obtained, by any who did not meet with *Perzee Valha*’s approval ; and from the scenes I witnessed, I am convinced that this persuasion occasioned him to be the real idol, of the numerous worshippers in the temple of fortune.

‘ The hasty sketch I have just given must satisfy you, till a longer residence has made me more intimately acquainted with their manners than I am at present. Of their history, however, I have acquired a tolerable knowledge ; and as you may be anxious to compare the great and virtuous statesmen of England, with those of the Land of Promise, I shall give you a slight sketch of one or two of the personages who have made themselves most notorious, by the magnitude of their power, or by the singularity of their characters and exploits. *Perzee Valha*, the present governor of the Land of Promise, is a very clever, honest little fellow ; possessed of every virtue of the heart, and endowed with talents less splendid than transcendent. His attention to the duties of his situation are unwearied ; his knowledge of business, and his acquaintance with the laws of his country more than usually extensive and accurate ; his manner at once spirited and conciliating. It is almost peculiar to him, that on common subjects he displays neither extraordinary knowledge, nor unusual

talent ; but that he always rises with the occasion that calls forth his power, or with the subject on which they are exercised. Though I cannot approve of the eagerness that he has shewn to enrich himself and his dependents at the expence of the inhabitants of Deglana, yet I must confess that, take him all in all, he is worthy of the station that he holds, and I should not weep for my country were he prime minister of England. Of his associates little can be said that does credit either to their dispositions as men, or their talents as statesmen. One of them is remarkable for nothing but a knack of inditing irregular verses; another has been endeavouring, for the last twenty years, to frighten the people of Deglana, by dark inuendos or by bold assertions that the country was overrun with traitors and assassins, into an incurable jealousy of each other, and into an abhorrence of the country which gave them birth. It is not less singular than true that he claims the exclusive privilege of dispersing these alarms, and is extremely active in the prosecution of those unhappy individuals who venture to repeat his statements. I believe his whole conduct to be as far distant from that of a discreet and intelligent man, as the capital of the Land of Promise is from York. One of the cleverest persons in Deglana is named Kan Ning. He was for many years a principal sharer of the loaves and fishes in the Land of Promise, and might have remained so till the present day had he not unfortunately taken a mortal antipathy to one Kah-zel-reh, another inhabitant of the Land of Promise, to whom he is as far superior in talent as in virtue. He is the author of several excellent burlesques ; and some people imagine that the composition of these things are indicative of classical taste, rather than of that expansive power of mind which is requisite to the formation of the profound statesman, or the efficient minister. But this is a topic on which *you* are peculiarly qualified to judge ; and Kan Ning is really a very expressive orator, and improving companion.

‘ As for him who was for many years one of the chief inhabitants of this paradise, and who has retired to Degla-

na, with an unusual share of the loaves and fishes; it is impossible for me to speak of him without abhorrence. Equally destitute of talents and virtue: at once weak and malignant; stupid and cunning; servile and vindictive: he is an object of execration as sincere as ever swelled the bosom of an injured and insulted nation. To his vanity and fatuity the flower of Deglana has been sacrificed; under his superintendence, her warriors have been sent to perish by thousands in the pestilential marshes of a neighbouring island; without the consolation of falling in a noble enterprize, or the hope of being cheered in the arms of death by the plaudits of a grateful and admiring country. It shocks me, my dear friend, to relate that ten thousand of the bravest soldiers of this unhappy nation, were sent on an impracticable expedition to one of the most unhealthy islands on the surface of the globe, with scarcely a physician to accompany them, and without a single article of medicine on board their fleet; that after all thoughts of prosecuting their enterprize was abandoned, the order for their recall was suspended till three fourths of their whole number had sunk into the grave, and the remainder had been wasted by sickness almost beyond the hope of recovery. Happy England! Had any one of *thy* statesmen, however exalted by rank or power, thus betrayed his trust, and drawn down upon his country misfortune and disgrace; he would doubtless have expiated his treasons on the scaffold; a terrible example to all succeeding ministers!

* But the most extraordinary part of this person's conduct remains to be mentioned. After causing the destruction of ten thousand of his fellow countrymen, he has had the hardihood to imprison two unfortunate gentlemen, for charging him with a single act of *cruelty*. There may have been some incorrectness, indeed, in their statements; but for such a man to make any pretensions to humanity, or to claim any satisfaction for the injury done to his finer *feelings*, is at once indicative of impudence, rancour, and imbecility.

‘A WANDERER.’

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque potestas deferor hospes.

FROM a perusal of the following documents, the reader will perceive that the only tolerable performers at the Hay-market Theatre, have been compelled to retire through the obstinacy of Mr. Morris. After the delineation of that person's character, contained in our last number, none will be surprised at the circumstances which have since transpired. Messrs. Colman and Winston were only prevented from consulting him on the engagements for the present season, because they had learned from experience the futility of all such applications. Mr. M. asserts that forty pounds a week is an *unprecedented* salary; but the question is, whether it was more than equivalent to the services of Mr. Elliston; and whether these services, or the services of some equally excellent performer were not *necessary*. It is true that by the dismissal of that gentleman, and of Messrs. Munden and Jones, the expences of the establishment are diminished by eighty pounds a week, but the receipts are now reduced in more than treble that proportion. As affairs now stand, there is scarcely a provincial theatre in the kingdom, that cannot produce a more respectable company of performers. Without a speedy accommodation the concern must be ruined; and we hope that the prudence of Mr. Morris, will, *on this occasion*, be more conspicuous than his ingratitude.

"Messrs. Colman and Winston, from a sense of respect and duty to the public, and in justification of themselves, are under the necessity of giving a short detail of circumstances which have occasioned the new piece (intended for representation this evening) to be withdrawn:—and three of the most principal performers to withhold the further assistance of their talents from the theatre.

"On a motion, brought forward in the High Court of Chancery, on Saturday last, it was not deemed proper by the Lord Chancellor to order that Mr. Morris, the treasurer of this theatre, (who is one of the proprietors) should be obliged, by his partners, to pay the salaries of certain performers, with whom Messrs. Colman and Winston had entered into engagements. This matter will undergo much future question in a court of equity;—but, in the present stage of the business, Mr. Morris refuses to pay to Messrs. Elliston, Jones, and Munden, the emoluments for which they have agreed to perform; and they have consequently retired from exertion without profit:—giving to the

managers all the timely notice in their power of their intentions, that their conduct may not be misconstrued into any disrespect to the town.

“ Messrs. Colman and Winston have only to lament, that they are (for a time at least) thus restrained from procuring those novelties, and that adequate number of prominent performers, which may merit the patronage of an English metropolis.”

Mr. Morris's Reply.

“ In answer to the advertisement of Messrs. Colman and Winston, from this theatre, Mr. Morris feels himself called upon to state to the public, that although he was the only proprietor of the theatre resident on the spot, Messrs. Colman and Winston, without any communication with him, engaged Mr. Elliston, at the unprecedented salary of forty pounds a week, and two free benefits, besides other advantages, and did not even apprize Mr. Morris of the terms of the engagement till two days after the opening of the theatre, and the day only before Mr. Morris was required to pay the salary; that immediately upon his knowledge of the terms, Mr. Morris objected to them, and gave notice to Mr. Elliston that he would not agree to the engagement, nor pay the salary, but at the same time offered to pay him twenty pounds a week, (being as great a salary as had ever been paid at this theatre) with one benefit, which Mr. Elliston refused to accept. That although Mr. Colman gave notice of a motion to be made to the Court of Chancery on the 27th day of June last, to compel Mr. Morris to pay the performers salaries, he did not think proper to bring on the motion till the second seal (which commenced the 19th inst.) and notwithstanding Messrs. Colman and Winston again, without notice to or communication with Mr. Morris, on the 9th day of July inst. engaged Messrs. Munden and Jones.

“ Mr. Morris thinks it necessary to state, further, that all the above performers were well acquainted with his interest in the theatre, but made no communication to him of their intended engagements; and that he has always been ready to pay to Mr. Elliston twenty pounds a week and the profits of a benefit, and is now willing to continue to do so; and also to pay to Messrs. Munden and Jones such salaries as they can reasonably be entitled to.

“ Such are the facts. Being one of the proprietors, it was no unjustifiable expectation that he should be consulted in the engagements entered into with performers. Messrs. Colman and Winston were not to bind him, without previously giving him the power of either assent or dissent. Mr. Morris desires to abide by the directions of the Court of Chancery. He has only exercised that right which every man has to protect his own property. He demands merely, that in a concern where he is a partner he may have the privileges of a partner—that his co-partners shall not make him fulfil ruinous contracts which they

have entered into without his participation or consent. The path which they had to pursue was pointed out clearly by the deed of partnership. If they chose to depart from it, it cannot be imputed as blame to him. Mr. Morris should not have thought of appealing to the public against the decision of the chancellor. But as his partners have followed a different course, he is compelled to repel the charge brought against him. He desires nothing more than justice, and demands only that other persons shall not, without his consent, take the management of his own property out of his own hands."

The effect of this dispute on the finances of the house is lamentably evident. At the rising of the curtain on Monday, the 22d inst. we counted thirty-five persons in the pit, and twenty-one in the boxes. Five of the boxes we believe were taken, and the gallery was filled with the friends of Mr. Morris. We are convinced that during the last week the treasury of the theatre has sustained a very heavy loss, and that unless the proprietors can come to an amicable arrangement it must be closed for the season.

If sentences without grammar, characters without originality, dialogue without wit, and songs without sense, or harmony, or spirit, be the necessary constituents of farcical excellence, the author of *Any Thing New* may claim a proud pre-eminence over every dramatic rival. There is scarcely a quibble, or an idea throughout the piece that does not remind us of some popular predecessor. A whimsical old man; a blunt, but honest villager; a babbling, self-conceited apothecary; a Frenchman speaking broken English; a female, represented by Mrs. Sparks; and a young lady, without any character at all, are by no means uncommon personages on the modern stage; and we are not aware that they receive any peculiar effort from Mr. Pocock's mode of introducing them. Whoever compares the following speech of Peter Babble, with the extract, in our last number, from Mr. Hook's Trial by Jury, will be struck with the resemblance. "This comes of my gentility—nature denied me face, but gave me figure—now for the village—strange report abroad—must get particulars—any thing new delights me. Mum's the word—I say nothing—know every thing—all hate me—can't do without me though—old Whitethorn's a rum one—so am I—cut with his daughter Ellen—she wont do—Fanny will—any thing new?—then go to the parson—he'll tell the clerk—he'll tell Chop the butcher—he'll tell Dough the baker—he'll tell his wife—she's got a tongue—she'll tell all the town—rare fun—I'm off—any thing new?"

If a critic might be allowed to imitate the language of an author's dialogue, we should express our opinion of this and a thousand other passages in some such phrases as the following :—Devilish clever !—short jerks—betoken wit—fine fellow—writer of spirit—Shakespeare

a fool—never mind—people pleased—full houses—damn taste—
pocket the cash—sad trash—so much the better—*any thing new?*

But if the judicious reader is amazed that such miserable attempts
at wit should be applauded by box, pit, and gallery, what will be his
astonishment when he is told that the following song, for which the
author was “indebted to the assistance of a friend” was *twice encored* !!

A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs ;
He married Jane Carter,
No damsel looked smarter
But he caught a tartar,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;
But he caught a tartar, John Hobbs.

He tied a rope to her ; John Hobbs, John Hobbs.
He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs.
To 'scape from hot water,
To Smithfield he brought her,
But nobody bought her,
Jane Hobbs, Jane Hobbs,
They all were afraid of Jane Hobbs.

Oh ! who'll buy a wife ? says Hobbs, John Hobbs,
A sweet pretty wife, says Hobbs ;
But somehow they tell us,
The wife-dealing fellows,
Were all of them sellers,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
And none of them wanted Jane Hobbs.

The rope it was ready, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Come give me the rope, says Hobbs,
I won't stand to wrangle,
Myself I will strangle,
And hang dingle dangle,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs :
So he hung dingle dangle, John Hobbs.

But down his wife cut him, Jane Hobbs, John Hobbs.
Yes, down his wife cut him, John Hobbs.
With a few hubble bubbles,
They settled their troubles,
Like most married couples,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Oh ! happy shoemaker John Hobbs.

We know not whether the third and fourth lines of the last verse implies that most married couples settle their troubles, or that they settle them in a *peculiar manner*. Unless Mr. Lovegrove ascribed the encoring of this song to his own exertions, he must have been provoked beyond measure. He is a man of sense, and to make wry faces before an audience who could listen to John Hobbs with any degree of patience, must have been insupportable.

The subjoined verses remind us of Sternhold and Hopkins.

— “ When the cannons rattle,
 ’Tis courage *doth* inspire ;
 When victory crowns the battle,
 ’Tis love his heart *can* fire ;
 Then march away
 With spirits gay,
 Sometimes we fight,
 Sometimes we play ;
 None on earth can live so merrily,
 While the *drum and fife* SOUNDS CHERRILY,
 So a soldier’s the life for me.

Who does not admire the intervention of *doth* and *can* in the second and third lines, and the bold violation of vulgar grammar, by which in line tenth the drum and fife are made to act the part of a singular nominative case ? The conversion of *cheerily* into *cherrily*, that it may rhyme to *merrily*, is at once classical and ingenious ; and the same taste and ability are displayed in the last line, which plainly intimates that *a soldier is a life*. It is possible that Mr. Pocock may have intended to say “ a soldier’s life’s the life for me ; ” but the best criterion of an author’s meaning, is the language he employs.

Of the wit that sparkles in every scene of this extraordinary performance, it would not be just to withhold from the reader the following specimens.

1. “ *Peter Babble*. Got drunk last night—made me valiant—never so when sober—wanted me to *list*—thank you for nothing says I—Oh ! here comes Fanny, could *list* to her for ever.”

2. “ *J. Babble*. By the bye—d’ye use honey water—some o’th’best in England—seven and six-pence a bottle—my son uses it—he’s got a head——

“ *Fanny*. So has a calf ! ”

Specimen the third :

“ *Mrs. Antidote*. Allow me to say *dear* Mr. Babble.

“ *J. Babble*. Dear ! no such thing—cheap as dirt, ma’am.”

Specimen the fourth, including an example of grammatical correctness.

“ Open’d shop—ladies crop,
 When they’re ill—powder, pill,
 Sell to cure ’em---life insure ’em ;
 Either please ’em,---so I fleece ’em,
 Shave ’em latherum, omnium gatherum, &c. &c.”

We have in vain endeavoured to discover in this attempt at farce any ground of commendation. Yet Mr. Pocock is not destitute of abilities ; and provided he will engage to study his syntax, and refrain from song writing, we shall not despair of his becoming, in the course of a few years, a tolerable farce maker.

Of *Quadrupeds*, we can only say that *The Taylors* has been altered with great judgment and effect ; that the songs are tolerable, and the final scene irresistibly ludicrous. Our readers will not expect us to enter into a minute criticism on the four-footed performers. We are afraid, however, that this exhibition can have no other effect than that of filling Mr. Arnold’s treasury. The satire on Covent Garden is better adapted to excite curiosity, and continue the interest in the exhibition of quadrupeds, than to correct the popular taste. That which is worthy of so much preparation to burlesque it, must in itself be of no mean dignity and importance ; and the exhibition at the Lyceum can only be justly relished by those who have witnessed the representation of *Blue Beard* and *Timour the Tartar*.

COVENT GARDEN.

The theatre closed on Wednesday the 23d inst. for the season, with *Pizarro*, and *Timour the Tartar*. Just before the commencement of *Timour*, Mr. Young came forward, and thus addressed the house.

“ Ladies and gentlemen.—I am directed by the proprietors of this theatre, to offer you their most grateful and heartfelt acknowledgments, for the very liberal patronage and support you have afforded them this season. Your kindness has been the more sensibly felt, as it has relieved them from considerable embarrassments by enabling them to pay off a portion of their heavy incumbrances, and though much still remains to be liquidated, yet they now can look forward with a confident hope, that in a few years they will be extricated from the difficulties which had so nearly overwhelmed them.

“ They hope they may be allowed to say, that their exertions for your theatrical amusement, have been, this season, strenuous and unremitted.

“ *The works of Shakespeare, and of our admired classic authors*, have been revived with the strictest care and attention, and both tragedy and comedy have received the most powerful support from the talents of their respective favoured votaries. Our modern dramatists have met with every encouragement, and their pieces have been honoured with your approbation, the sure incitement to future exertion.

"Pantomime and spectacle have been employed as auxiliaries, and the highest ambition of the proprietors has been (regardless of expence) to gratify the different tastes of the various classes composing a British audience. Success has crowned their efforts, and their hearts are replete with gratitude, for such signal marks of public favor.

"The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg leave to unite in their tribute of thanks for your uniform indulgence; and we most respectfully take our leave, till the 9th of September, the time fixed for the reopening of this theatre, when we hope successfully to renew our professional exertions for your entertainment."

As for the gratitude which the managers so ardently profess, it is difficult to imagine how such a feeling can be excited by any degree of public encouragement. The spectators do not attend from any emotion of kindness to Messrs. Harris and Co. but to gratify themselves; and if the proprietors have been enabled by the success of the campaign to relieve themselves from the embarrassments to which their own folly had subjected them, they have more reason to thank their own good fortune, than the kindness of the people. That many of Shakespeare's plays have been represented in a manner that did honor to the taste of Mr. Kemble, we readily admit; but giving to him and his coadjutors every degree of credit for their attention to contemporary authors, we are sorry that their attention was not rewarded by adequate success. *Gustavas Vasa*, and the *Knight of Snowdown*, cannot surely be numbered among the exhibitions by which the managers expected to deserve the approbation of the public. If Messrs. Morton and his brethren can produce nothing superior to these two attempts at dramatic excellence, in the course of the ensuing season, we would willingly dispense with their services altogether.

To represent the legitimate dramas of Shakespeare and Addison, can have little effect on the dramatic taste of the people, if *Hamlet* is succeeded by *Harlequin* and *Asmodeus*, and *Cato* only leads the way to *Timour the Tartar*. The splendour of an equestrian spectacle obliterates the mild and salutary impression of every piece which affords a picture of life, and a lesson of morality. The emotions that had been awakened by the contemplation of fortitude struggling with adversity, or virtue triumphant over temptation, are absorbed in vacant admiration of the sagacity of mares, and the agility of their riders. Three fourths of the audience are spectators of little more than two acts of the play; and the majority of those who attend the theatre at full price, retire to their homes discussing the merits of the spectacle or pantomime. That the managers are to be blamed for administering to the frivolity or the ignorance of their customers, cannot be disputed. The populace are fond of noise and shew; but they are not enemies to laughter. The majority would rather attend

a pantomime than a farce, but they would attend the latter, if the former were not exhibited. Some knowledge of life and manners, and some improvement in morality may be derived, from the most senseless productions of O'Keefe or Arnold; but what instruction is contained in the exhibition of a walking cabbage; or what rule of conduct is to be collected from witnessing the metamorphoses of Harlequin?

It is the misfortune of Mr. Cobbett that on many occasions he permits his enthusiasm to overpower his sense of justice. That he can be insensible to the great and varied excellence of the essays and poems originally published in the Anti-jacobin newspaper, we have not formed so humble an estimation of his literary taste, as to believe. He seems now to consider it as a decisive proof of the *mediocrity* of those pieces that the sale of the paper never extended beyond five hundred; but popularity is not the criterion of merit, nor if it were, would Mr. Cobbett be able to point out any other journal of which the regular circulation has become so extensive, within so short a period as three months. The merit of the poetical and dramatic burlesques, is beyond all praise. There is in fact no composition of the kind, that can be compared with these in any languages; and it is almost needless to add, that the articles written by Mr. Canning, are not inferior to those of his coadjutors.

As a satire on the German drama, it is impossible to conceive a more exquisite or efficacious production than the Rovers of Weimer. But the fooleries of Schiller, and the affectations of Kotzebue have had their day, and are now held in their proper estimation. Had the Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh been brought out ten years ago, every point would have *told*, and every stroke of satire would have been felt. But *now* the scene exhibits follies that are no longer prevalent, and is trod by personages who have no counterpart in the highest departments of the drama.

We are afraid therefore that these attempts to "bring back the public to a legitimate taste," may have no other effect than that of producing a fondness for dragons and chimæras. But the feats of a real animal better reward the attendance even of a critic, than the exploits of paste-board; and, considered merely as a spectacle, we would rather witness the last scene of Timour the Tartar, than an assemblage of a thousand such monsters as the wicker chimæras of the Haymarket.



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QUADRUPEDS;



Or, The Manager's Last Kick. *last Scene.*